

THE SKETCH.

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SIXPENCE.
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MADAME RÉJANE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

M. Victorien Sardou is not only the most brilliant, but the cleverest of all the dramatists of our time. Unlike so many literary men, he is an admirable man of business. He understands how to make a bargain and how to feel the pulse of the people. We have had no man of the same kind of temperament connected with the stage since Dion Boucicault was in his prime. Both Sardou and Boucicault were diplomatic dramatists. They knew, none better, how to borrow an old idea and to make it serve their immediate purpose. When the rage for the First Empire became pronounced in Paris, Sardou determined to profit by it.

the water. Before this discovery, no one knew, even in Paris, that the first act or prologue of Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne" was a very old French play. But Mrs. Free-and-Easy was no stranger to the stage before Réjane made the promoted washerwoman so extremely popular. She occurred, this Duchesse de Dantzic, in a play called "Madame La Maréchale," by Alphonse Lemonnier; but the true Madame Sans-Gêne, who inevitably reminds one of Mdlle. Lange in "La Fille de Madame Angot," was never really seen until she came before the footlights in the clever and witty person of the inimitable Réjane. The part is a rare chance for a comedy actress. She appears first as the veritable washerwoman, the good-hearted, slangy idol of the washing quarter of Paris, whose charms, slang or no slang, cannot be resisted by the Duc de Dantzic. When the King has been deposed and the Napoleonic era has



MADAME RÉJANE AND COMPANY IN "MADAME SANS-GÊNE," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR, PARIS.

If the women wore Empire dresses, and sat on Empire chairs and sofas, if they read their books or papers by the light of Empire candelabra, why should they not have an Empire play? The First Napoleon would make a capital hero, even if no actor were at hand to represent him in form and feature, face and limb.

It must not be forgotten that Sardou had no Gomersal or Murray Carson to write round when he took it into his head to write a Napoleonic play. But he had a Réjane to reckon with—a comedian of the first excellence, a witty, clever woman, bright, alert, capable of fun, slang, and *argot*—a kind of Parisian Mrs. John Wood: I can find no better comparison. But how could the incomparable Réjane be tucked into the Empire play without ruining the chances of Napoleon, who must be first cook and bottle-washer in that particular dramatic entertainment? Well, Sardou put on his puzzling cap, and, being an old playgoer, remembered many an old play. He certainly remembered a very old one-act French vaudeville, which Bayle Bernard translated for the English stage soon after I was born, which forms the whole of the first act of Sardou's new play, which gives it its most dramatic incident—a circumstance instantly spotted by my very old friend Johnny Gideon of Paris, who remembered Bayle Bernard's play in the old days of playgoing over

begun, the ex-washerwoman is promoted to Court, and her free-and-easy manners disgust even Napoleon, who is jealous of an Austrian officer whose life the washerwoman has twice saved. But the washerwoman takes a good deal of snubbing. She reminds Napoleon that she not only washed his shirts for him, but he has forgotten to pay the last bill of sixty francs; and as to the ladies who turn up their noses at the *blanchisseuse*, she reminds them that she knew them all well in the old days, but she did not wash for them, for the very good reason that they had not a chemise to their backs!

Some are inclined to think that the spirits of Réjane run away with her in certain scenes, and that she is inclined to exaggerate the slang with which her part is peppered. I do not think so myself; and when Réjane appears it will be confessed that it is a brilliant specimen of comic acting, never overstepping the limits of art. Handsome and attractive, she carries everything before her. The scenery, the dresses, the appointments, are not only accurate, but simply superb. They are living pictures of the Napoleonic age; but when all the gowns and furniture have been criticised, the word will go round, not so much "Have you seen 'Madame Sans-Gêne' at the Gaiety?" as "Have you seen Réjane?"

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. Sir George Grey was entertained at a luncheon at the National Liberal Club, Lord Ripon presiding. In

responding to the toast of his health, he expressed the opinion that the best way of keeping the Empire together and securing the happiness of its population was to leave to every portion of it the power of self-government.—Another veteran Colonial statesman, Sir Henry Parkes, is engaged in a political tour in the interests of Federation and Free Trade.—Mrs. Humphry Ward delivered a lecture at Essex Street Hall on "Unitarianism and the Future." She spoke of the indecision of much Unitarian thought and teaching as one of its disadvantages.—The new sea wall and promenade at Filey were declared open by Lord Herries.—An experiment was made at Croydon of a tramcar driven by compressed gas, which costs a penny per mile.—Mr. E. Leader Williams, chief engineer of the Manchester Ship Canal, is to receive a knighthood.—A meeting of lady cyclists was held at the Ideal Club, Tottenham Court Road, "in advocacy of the promotion of cycling among women, the co-operation and hire-purchase, the formation of a common centre and the extension of the social side of cycling, a London club-house and a country cottage, and dress reform for the lady cyclists." There was a large attendance, many of the ladies having ridden to the hall on their machines, dressed in knickers.—Percy Courtenay, the husband of Marie Lloyd, was bound over in £100, and ordered to find two sureties in £50 each, to keep the peace for six months.—A daring voyage across the Channel was made to-day by Mr. Sayer in a canvas boat, designed by himself, the buoyancy of the craft depending upon air-bags. He made the voyage in 10½ hours.—One of the three dozen shirts possessed by Napoleon at St. Helena, and divided at his death among his companions, was sold by auction at Paris for 150 francs. Four hundred francs had been the upset price.—The French Chamber elected a committee to consider a proposal for a State monopoly of alcohol, which, it is said, would yield nearly £1,600,000.—It is reported that by the sinking of a ferry-boat on the river Tely, in the province of Samara, forty-five young men and women, who were returning from a festival, were drowned.—Abdul Aziz, the new Sultan, is being acknowledged by all the tribes, notably, the warlike Kabyle. Muley Mohammed, the eldest son of the late Sultan, has been imprisoned at Marakash, and has since signed an act of adhesion to the new Sovereign.

Wednesday. This was the fifty-seventh anniversary of the accession of her Majesty, who left Balmoral for Windsor.—The Czarevitch arrived at Gravesend on board the Russian Imperial yacht, Polar Star, and proceeded to Walton-on-Thames, on a visit to Prince Louis of Battenberg.—Oxford University conferred the degree of D.C.L. on Lord Kimberley, Bishop Creighton, Sir Horace Davey, Sir Edward Fry, Captain Mahan, Professor Palmer (Public Orator in Dublin University), Professor Ramsay, of Aberdeen University, Slade Professor Middleton, Mendeleef the Russian chemist, and Mr. Francis Galton.—The Senate of Dublin University agreed to confer the degree of LL.D. on Lord Russell.—The National Liberal Federation held a conference at Leeds to consider the position of the House of Lords. About 2000 delegates from all parts of the country were present.—A memorial of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was unveiled at Stockwell Orphanage; the Rev. John Spurgeon, father of the founder, presided.—The Pope's Encyclical address is a plea for the unity of the Church. It denounces Freemasonry as the enemy of religious unity.

Thursday. The Queen arrived at Windsor Castle from Balmoral.—A most disastrous fire, entailing damage estimated at £150,000, burned up several warehouses in Finsbury.—Mr. Balfour addressed a large meeting of Nonconformist Unionists in the Memorial Hall. He said the individualist Radicalism had done its work, but he did not think Socialism would replace it in this country, for its practical application was impossible. The phrase, "the voice of the people," was perfectly meaningless, for the democracy, like every other form of government, must have leaders, and if it were not led by leaders it would be led by wirepullers.—Mr. Edmund Robertson, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, speaking at Dundee, declared that the Session of 1893 would be for ever memorable for the passing through the House of Commons of two Home Rule Bills—one for Ireland and the other for England—while that of 1894 would be redeemed from reproach by a Budget realising the aspirations of a generation of Liberals.—The fifth and last volume of the Labour Commission report was issued to-day.—The silver medal of the Zoological Society of London was presented to Mr. H. H. Johnston, Commissioner for British Central Africa, in recognition of his work among the fauna of that region.—A barrister named John Dillon O'Flynn was committed for trial at Bow Street on several charges of obtaining money by false pretences.—The Church in Hungary has got a distinct snub, for the Civil Marriage Bill has been passed by the Liberals with a majority of four votes. The victory has caused great rejoicings throughout Hungary.—The new Parliament for New Zealand was opened at Auckland, Sir G. M. O'Rorke being elected Speaker.

Friday. Lord Salisbury as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, presided at the first sitting of the twenty-first Congress of University Extensionists, some 600 of whom, including representatives of colonies and foreign countries, were present. In the course of his speech he deprecated the policy of pressing the

system of examination too far, since it was adverse to the healthy growth of knowledge. He urged them to pause before turning from the system of lectures with voluntary examinations to the hot-house high pressure of other methods for the purpose of obtaining degrees.—A funeral service for the late Lord Coleridge was celebrated at Westminster Abbey. At the close of the service the body was taken to Waterloo Station to be conveyed to Ottery St. Mary's for interment.—Mr. Jesse Collings stated at the sitting of the House of Commons Committee which is inquiring into the working of the Charity Commission that the administration of the Commissioners had inflicted great hardship on the poorer classes.—It is stated that no fewer than forty steam fire-engines were engaged in the fire at Finsbury, and over thirty buildings were destroyed or damaged.—Collisions are reported between a schooner and a barque off Dungeness, and between two vessels in the Sea of Azof, resulting in the loss of twenty-seven lives.—The Marquis of Abergavenny and the committee of the Constitutional Club held a reception to meet the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury and the leaders of the Conservative party.—The Khedive sailed for Constantinople.

Saturday. At ten o'clock this evening, the Duchess of York gave birth to a son.—A terrible mining disaster occurred this afternoon at Albion Colliery, Cilfynydd, a village near Pontypridd. At the time of the explosion 200 men were in the pit, and a great number of them are believed to have perished.—The Duke of Devonshire, as Chancellor of Cambridge University, took the chair at the University Extension Congress. His great hope for money to carry on the movement was from local and municipal bodies, and not from Chancellors of the Exchequer, who were accustomed to swallow camels and strain at gnats. In the afternoon the Conference was presided over by Lord Herschell, as Chancellor of London University.—The Royal Agricultural Show opened at Cambridge with entries of 617 horses, 659 cattle, 588 sheep, 205 poultry, and 538 produce.—The body of Lord Coleridge was buried at Ottery St. Mary. The new peer, erstwhile the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, has decided to continue his practice at the Bar.—Mrs. Wordsworth, wife of the Bishop of Salisbury, died this morning.—At the City Coroner's Court a verdict of suicide during temporary insanity was returned on a City merchant who stabbed himself, with a penknife, nineteen times in the chest. He had been depressed over a bet he had made on Ladas.—The twenty-first anniversary of Dr. Barnardo's first home in the East-End was celebrated in the Albert Hall.—The roof of the great palace of Prince Orlanis at St. Petersburg collapsed, and four people were killed.—The International Athletic Congress concluded its labours at Paris, after electing a committee for the organisation of the Olympian games in 1900.

Sunday. A jubilee service was held at Holy Trinity Church, Windsor, attended by the Prince of Wales, the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, and other members of the Royal family. The Royal Horse Guards and the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards were also present. A jubilee hymn, composed by the rector, the Rev. Arthur Robins, who preached, and set to music by Mr. H. R. Gouldrey, was played. The service concluded with the National Anthem, played by the organ and bands. The Prince of Wales marched at the head of the Royal Horse Guards to the Cavalry Barracks, and lunched with the officers of the regiment, the colonel, Lord Erroll, proposing "The Duchess of York and her Infant Son."—Madame Alboni, the famous singer, died at her residence, Ville d'Avray, near Versailles, last night, at the age of seventy. Undoubtedly the greatest contralto of her time, she made her *début* at the Scala, Milan, exactly fifty years ago, and in 1846 made her first appearance in London.—At the Naval Review at Kiel to-day, the German Emperor introduced his third son, Prince Adalbert, to his fellow officers in the Navy. He mentioned the fact that this month was historical, recalling the Battles of Hohenfriedberg and Waterloo, where the warriors of Prussia and Britannia fought shoulder to shoulder in defeating the hereditary enemy.

Monday. Rarely have the newspapers contained such a mass of startling news as they did this morning: the birth of the Royal baby, the colliery disaster in Wales, the death of Madame Alboni, and, chief of all, the assassination of President Carnot. The President was on his way to the theatre at Lyons at half-past nine last night when he was stabbed by a young Italian, Cesario Giovanni Santo, who was immediately arrested. The wound was in the region of the heart, and the President died at half-past one this morning.—Sir Frederic Leighton was presented with the Royal Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects.—The Handel Festival began at the Crystal Palace.

The first trip of the season from London round the Isle of Wight is announced by the Brighton Railway Company for Saturday, a train leaving Victoria at 9.30 a.m., and returning from Portsmouth with the 6.15 p.m. train.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE,
Sole Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, a Play of Modern Life, A BUNCH OF VIOLETS. By Sydney Grundy.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.
Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5. HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EMPIRE.—TWO GRAND BALLETS. At 7.30, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME; and at 10.45, LA FROLIQUE. Grand Varieties. An entirely new series of Living Pictures. Doors open at 7.20.



A NOTABLE ROYAL BIRTH.

June the Twenty-third in this year of Grace will be one of the red letter days of our history as the birthday of our future Sovereign. At ten o'clock on Saturday evening the Duchess of York gave birth to a son at White Lodge, Richmond, and within a few minutes her Majesty was acquainted with the fact. The event is one which, while primarily concerning her Majesty's subjects, cannot fail to interest the whole civilised world, for few Royal babies have such a future in store for them as the little stranger at White Lodge.

Few royal births have been the subject of such discussion as that which occurred on June 10, 1688, when there came into the world James, whom loyal British subjects still call the Pretender, but whom the members of the Legitimist League are pleased to reverence as James III. and VIII. Of course, but for the Act of Settlement, we should have on the throne Mary IV. and III.—who is only, however, H.R.H. Princess Louis of Bavaria—and instead of any excitement over the heir to the House of Guelf, we should be looking to the eldest son of the Princess—to wit "H.R.H." Robert Mary Luitpold Ferdinand, born May 18, 1869. The troubles of the House of Stuart, which changed the current of our history, culminated in the birth of James the Pretender, whose mysterious appearance in a world of woe has been vividly pictured by Macaulay in a passage which it is especially interesting to recall at a time when many people, somewhat shaky in their history, are wondering why the Home Secretary has been so closely informed as to the little stranger at White Lodge, Richmond.

Scarcely had the gates of the Tower been closed on the prisoners [the seven Bishops who protested against the second Act of Indulgence] when an event took place which increased the public excitement. It had been announced that the Queen did not expect to be confined till July, but on the day after the Bishops had appeared before the Council it was observed that the King seemed to be anxious about her state. In the evening, however, she sat playing cards at Whitehall till near midnight. Then she was carried in a sedan to St. James's Palace, where apartments had been very hastily fitted up for her reception. Soon messengers were running about in all directions to summon physicians and priests, Lords of the Council, and Ladies of the Bedchamber. In a few hours, many public functionaries and women of rank were assembled in the Queen's room. There, on the morning of Sunday, the 10th of June, a day long kept sacred by the too faithful adherents of a bad cause, was born the most unfortunate of princes, destined to seventy years of exile and wandering, of vain projects, of honours more galling than insults, and of hopes such as make the heart sick.

The calamities of the poor child had begun before his birth. The nation over which, according to the ordinary course of succession, he would have reigned was fully persuaded that his mother was fully pregnant. By whatever evidence the fact of his birth had been proved, a considerable number of people would probably have persisted in maintaining that the Jesuits had practised some skilful sleight of hand; and the evidence, partly from accident, partly from gross mismanagement, was really open to some objections. Many persons of both sexes were in the royal bedchamber when the child first saw the light; but none of them enjoyed any measure of public confidence. Of the Privy Counsellors present, half were Roman Catholics, and those who called themselves Protestants were generally regarded as traitors to their country and their God. Many of the women in attendance were French, Italian, and Portuguese. Of the English ladies, some were Papists and some were the wives of Papists. Some persons

who were peculiarly entitled to be present, and whose testimony would have satisfied all minds accessible to reason, were absent, and for their absence the King was held responsible. The Princess Anne was, of all the inhabitants of the island, the most deeply interested in the event. Her sex and her experience qualified her to act as the guardian of her sister's birthright and her own. She had conceived strong suspicions, which were daily confirmed by circumstances, trifling or imaginary. She fancied that the Queen carefully shunned her scrutiny, and ascribed to guilt a reserve which was, perhaps, the effect of delicacy. In this temper, Anne had determined to be present and vigilant when the critical day should arrive. But she had not thought it necessary to be at her post a month before that day, and had—in consequence, it was said, with her father's advice—gone to drink the Bath waters. Sancroft, whose great place made it his duty to attend, and on whose probity the nation placed entire reliance, had, a few hours before, been sent to the Tower by James. The Hydes were the proper protectors of the rights of the two Princesses. The Dutch Ambassador might be regarded as the representative of William, who, as first Prince of the blood and consort of the King's eldest daughter, had a deep interest in what was passing. James never thought of summoning any member, male or female, of the family of Hyde; nor was the Dutch Ambassador invited to be present.

Posterity has fully acquitted the King of the fraud which his people imputed to him. But it is impossible to acquit him of folly and perverseness such as explain and excuse the error of his contemporaries. He was perfectly aware of the suspicions which were abroad. He ought to have known that those suspicions would not be dispelled by the evidence of members of the Church of Rome, or of persons who, though they might call themselves members of the Church of England, had shown themselves ready to sacrifice the interests of the Church of England in order to obtain his favour. That he was taken by surprise is true. But he had twelve hours to make his arrangements. He found no difficulty in crowding St. James's Palace with bigots and sycophants on whose word the nation placed no reliance. It would have been quite as easy to procure the attendance of some eminent persons whose attachment to the Princesses and to the established religion was unquestionable.

The cry of the whole nation was that an imposture had been practised. Papists had, during some months, been predicting from the pulpit and through the Press, in prose and in verse, in English and Latin, that a Prince of Wales would be given to the prayers of the Church; and they had now accomplished their own prophecy. Every witness who could not be corrupted or deceived had been studiously excluded. Anne had been tricked into visiting Bath. The Primate had, on the very day preceding that which had been fixed for the villainy, been sent to prison in defiance of the rules of law and of the privileges of peerage. Not a single man or woman who had the smallest interest in detecting the fraud had been suffered to be present. The Queen had been removed suddenly and at the dead of night to St. James's Palace, because the building, less commodious for honest purposes than Whitehall, had some rooms and passages well suited for the purpose of the Jesuits. There, amid a circle of zealots who thought nothing a crime that tended to promote the interests of their Church, and of courtiers who thought nothing a crime that tended to enrich and aggrandise themselves, a new-born child had been introduced, by means of a warming-pan, into the royal bed, and then handed round in triumph as heir of three kingdoms. Heated by such suspicions—suspicions unjust, it is true, but not altogether unnatural—men thronged more eagerly than ever to pay their homage to the saintly victims of the tyrant, who, having long foully injured his people, had now filled up the measure of his iniquities by more foully injuring his children.

NEWS BY AN ELECTRICAL SIGNALLER.

Every day, almost, a fresh discovery in the application of electricity confirms the fact that that subtle force in Nature is not only the most useful, but also the most wonderful. And, probably, no more popular, in every sense of the word, verification of this statement could be instanced than the extraordinary mode of announcement of a most joyful event in high quarters, made by Captain Ronald Scott, by means of his remarkable electrical signaller, which projected on to the façade of several buildings in Trafalgar Square and even on to the clouds the significant greetings of "Welcome, Royal Baby Boy! May Blessings Crown Thee!" Possibly, it may have occurred to others, as



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.
CAPTAIN RONALD A. SCOTT.

it did to me, that these bright letters, writ so large and distinct, represented the scientific evolution of the primitive beacon-fires on our hill-tops which served in olden days to publish great national events.

I was so delighted with the success of this, Captain Scott's latest invention, that I hastened to Lombardi's, in Pall Mall East—where, on the high roof of that photographic establishment, the projector is planted—to offer him my congratulations. Naturally, healths to the "bonnie bairn" were being loyally and discreetly drunk. Captain Ronald Scott, who is reasonably proud of holding a commission in the West London Rifles, was no stranger to me. I knew him as an electrical engineer of

eminence, a member of the Royal Institute, and of many other learned societies. We all have, probably, kept our nightly watch on his search-light from the Naval Exhibition, have witnessed its power at the Military Tournament, and, possibly, may have appreciated its application as an illuminant at the night attacks performed by the military at Elstree, Wimbledon, and Horsendon Hill, near Ealing, so that I feel he scarcely needs a formal introduction to the readers of *The Sketch*.

"Now, Captain Scott, I want you to illuminate my ignorance on the subject of the electrical search-light, but in the most popular form, please?"

"Well, the originator was a man named Wylde, who, about eighteen years ago, employed an alternating current lamp behind a lens. The next advance was made by M. Mangin, a Frenchman. He adopted a direct current arc-lamp in front of a mirror, so constructed that its edges were considerably thicker than its centre, and thus he obtained, to a great extent, parallel rays; but his beam of light was vitiated by colour, owing to the thickness of the glass. Having taken a great interest in the subject for the last ten years, I venture to think that my own labours have not been in vain. After various experiments I brought out and patented a spherical mirror with special backing, calculated to resist concussion, and one of its chief specialties was in the thinness of glass employed, it being under a quarter of an inch in thickness, as against that of two and three-quarters as used by M. Mangin, and, while it threw a beam equal, if not better than his, mine possessed the additional advantage of throwing a much whiter light, and consequently, of course, of a more penetrating character, imparting to objects illuminated their true or natural colours. My light was severely tested by the naval authorities at Portsmouth, and, having successfully passed the ordeal, many thousand pounds' worth were ordered, and I am still supplying the search-light gear, and hold the contract for furnishing the greater number of the electric-light projectors to the Royal Navy."

"Now, I should like to ask you how you came to take up this branch of electrical application which we have seen demonstrated to-night, and which, I suppose, I may call electrography?"

"Well, it was while I was conducting experiments at Ealing—in fact, at my factory at Acton Hill—I noticed that my search-light threw some remarkably well-defined shadows to a considerable distance, and this raised the idea in my mind as to the feasibility of projecting distinct images wherever I pleased. Almost endless experiments followed with varying encouragement, but at length, in 1891, they culminated in success."

"Naturally, you must have a reflecting medium?"

"Of course. People ask me sometimes if I project on to the sky. You might just as well expect to see your face reflected in a sheet of transparent glass. The sky is expanse, and, therefore, non-reflective, but the clouds act capitally as a sheet or a reflector. When there are no clouds, we throw the light on to public buildings."

ASSASSINATION OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

Within twenty-four hours of Great Britain's joy—the birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of York—came France's sorrow, the tragic assassination last Sunday night of President Carnot. The most popular



Photo by P. Antony and Co., Paris.

THE LATE M. SADI CARNOT.

man in the Republic of which he had been the honoured head for seven years, Marie François Sadi Carnot has now suffered the same awful fate which befell Lincoln and Garfield. He had visited Lyons to see the exhibition, and had met with the same enthusiasm which has always greeted him in his tours through France. On Sunday morning M. Carnot was busy receiving various dignitaries of the Rhone district; he dined at the Palais de Commerce, and had left for the Grand Theatre when suddenly there emerged from the crowd a man, who leapt on to the step of the President's carriage. He held in one hand what seemed to be a petition, but immediately he accomplished his dire purpose by stabbing M. Carnot in the region of the liver. The brilliant audience assembled in the theatre soon heard the terrible tidings, and to Paris late at night was telegraphed the awful news. Madame Carnot left for Lyons at one o'clock in the morning, but her distinguished husband had passed away at a quarter to one. The assassin is said to be an Italian named Santo: he was at once arrested. The sympathies of the whole civilised world are extended towards the great Republic bereaved so awfully of its beloved President.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
SPECIAL TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Saturday, June 30. A First and Second Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria 9.50 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon 9.50 a.m., for Portsmouth, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.15 p.m. Fares, Train and Steamer, First Class, 12s. 6d., Second Class, 7s. 6d. Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the General Enquiry and Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, on and from the preceding Monday.

(By order.) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

ABERYSTWYTH AND CARDIGAN BAY (NORTH WALES).
Bracing Air, Grand Scenery, excellent Sea Bathing, good Fishing and Hunting (Foxhounds and Harriers), Perfect Sanitary Arrangements, with abundant Supply of Pure Water from Plynlimmon. Delightful Coaching Excursions.

"A fortnight's residence at Aberystwyth in some cases is equivalent to a month's residence at most other watering-places."—Sir James Clarke, Physician to the Queen.

"You cannot have a healthier watering-place in England or Wales than Aberystwyth."—Sir W. Gull, Bart.

"Scenery which has no equal in the United Kingdom."—Sketch.

Express Trains, with Through Lavatory Carriages, leave London (Euston) daily for Cambrian Line. Seven hours' journey to Aberystwyth during the season.

HOOK OF HOLLAND Route to the Continent via Harwich daily (Sundays included). New twin-screw Steamships Amsterdam (1745 tons), Berlin (1745 tons), and Chelmsford (1635 tons). Cheapest and best route to Germany and Holland.

ANTWERP EXHIBITION, via Harwich, every week-day. First, return, 30s.; Second, 20s. Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct Service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining Car from York. **HAMBURG** by G.S.N. Company's Steamships, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap Tickets and Tours to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. Company's "Tourist Guide to the Continent," price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via HARWICH and ESBJERG.—The steamers of the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkeston Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the Train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9 a.m.; returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. Train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steamships Koldinghuus and Nidaros. These fast Steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information, address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London, or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

OLYMPIA.—TWICE DAILY.—CONSTANTINOPLE.
BOLOSSY KIRALEY'S GRAND SPECTACULAR DRAMA.
2000 PERFORMERS. LOVELY BALLETS. CHARMING MUSIC.
TROOPS OF CAMELS, MULES, DROMEDARIES, HORSES, &c.
MOST MARVELLOUS SHOW EVER ORGANISED IN ANY COUNTRY OR AGE.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.
MODERN CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH ITS PALACES, SHOPS, BOATS, &c.
TURKISH REGIE CIGARETTE FACTORY IN FULL WORKING.
ARABIAN NIGHTS TABLEAU. THE MOORISH HAREM.
BANDS OF DAN GODFREY (JUNR.). ROUMELIAN GIPSY BAND.
IMPERIAL HUNGARIAN BAND.
HALL OF 1001 COLUMNS. TURKISH CAIQUES PROPELLED BY TURKISH BOATMEN.
REALISTIC PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
Open 12 to 5 and 6 to 11 p.m.—Grand Spectacle, 2.30 and 8.30.—Admission Everywhere (including Reserved Seat), 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. Private Boxes (hold Six), £33s. Seats from 3s. may be booked at Box-office, or Olympia. Children under Twelve half-price to Matinees to seats above 1s.

A CHAT WITH THE CHAIRMAN OF THE TOWER BRIDGE COMMITTEE.

The completion of the Tower Bridge has cost considerably more than £1,170,000, for one must add to this large sum the expenditure of thought, trouble, muscular strength, and the sacrifice of six lives. It may not be as great an engineering work as several others of similar character which may be named—for instance, the bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, Brooklyn Bridge, New York, or the Forth Bridge; yet it is decidedly the "biggest thing" of its kind in London, and it conspicuously demonstrates that the Corporation of London is neither effete nor moribund when useful work comes to hand. One fact will certainly commend itself to the highly-taxed citizens of London, and that is that the Tower Bridge will not have cost the ratepayers one farthing, nor will they be called on to pay, even in toll, for its maintenance. Particulars of its structure will probably be treated of elsewhere, while illustrations and descriptions of the forthcoming ceremonials attendant on its opening by the Prince of Wales, in the name of the Queen, will, doubtless, be as florid as the brilliant scene itself, which will take place on the 30th instant. Baronetries and knighthoods will spring up with mushroom rapidity, no doubt, but possibly the real workers of the scheme may be overlooked, and with these last I would couple the name of Mr. Albert Joseph Altman, if I may use the phraseology of the toastmaster. He is of such an unobtrusive disposition that, though his good services are everywhere appreciated, very few persons in London know to whom the meed of praise in furthering the business arrangements is undoubtedly due. His very business adds to our amusements, for his firm, under the title of Feltham and Co., manufactures the material of our outdoor and indoor sports and pastimes. For this work he naturally gains his reward, but surely mention should be made of a lifetime well spent in promoting the health, comfort, and well-being of his fellow-citizens.

Eighteen years ago, Mr. Albert Joseph Altman put his shoulder to the wheel for the commonweal when he became overseer of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, and was shortly afterwards elected churchwarden, commemorating his term of office by his successful energy in turning the parish churchyard into an agreeable recreation-ground, a work for which he was publicly thanked and testimonialised by a suitable offering in silver plate. His popularity, very properly, placed him among the members of the Common Council, and led to his election as a Commissioner of Sewers. Then he was made Chairman of the Streets Committee, and to him we should offer thanks for the electric lighting of the City and the subterranean lavatories, as well as for many metropolitan recreation-grounds which have supplemented the lungs of London, formerly confined to our parks and squares. Never weary in his mission of philanthropy, and as an advocate of bodily exercise, he promoted, as Chairman of the City of London School, a covered playground for the boys for use in wet weather and the construction of a large swimming-bath, besides the erection of a band-stand in Kilburn Park, while he carried through successfully the acquisition of West Wickham Common as a public recreation-ground. These services were duly acknowledged. Then he became a prominent figure in connection with the opening of the Tower Bridge, and on the committee he may be said to have worked night and day.

"I can tell you next to nothing beyond what you already know, I am quite sure," Mr. Altman observed, when I unearthed him in his office, which seemed the only spot clear of tennis-nets and cricket-bats. "You must remember that the royal assent to the erection of the bridge was obtained in '85, and the Prince of Wales laid the memorial stone with Masonic honours in '86. Sir H. Jones was the first architect, his mantle falling on Mr. Wolfe Barry on his death. The money to build it was raised by bonds on the Bridge House Estates property, which was left in trust, and vested in the Corporation of London, to be paid off in fifty years."

"The bridge is practically built of iron, is it not?"

"Yes, and in many parts of actual steel. Here is an inkstand from the metal employed," said Mr. Altman, pointing to an elegant design on the desk before him. "The mechanism of the bridge is simply marvellous. Just fancy two drawbridges being raised to let ships of any tonnage pass in one minute and a half, while each portion weighs 1200 tons! And they shut again as quietly as closing my office-door. Of course, as you know, it is a case of almost exact equipoise. Nothing can get out of order, for every untoward contingency has been guarded against by duplicate boilers, hydraulic engines, &c."

"And the undertaking will pay?"

"I have not the slightest doubt on that score. Already the riverside property above bridge has risen immensely in value, while the convenience to the traffic of London is incalculable. London Bridge, the most southernmost bridge, will be greatly relieved of its congestion, and as time is so saved, money will be made."

"And the bridge will bear heavy traffic?"

"My dear Sir, we have had the heaviest of steam-rollers over it. It has been tested in every conceivable way. Have you been on the top of the towers?"

"No."

"Well, then, go as soon as possible, and you will enjoy a treat, for you will gain a view up and down the river which you never had before. Do you know that the top of the towers to their foundations are of the same height as the golden gallery of St. Paul's is above the pavement of the adjoining churchyard?"

"Like everything else, I suppose this bascule work had its prototype?"

"Oh, certainly! The bridge is the scientific evolution of the feudal drawbridge and the bascule over a Dutch canal. It emanates from the simple see-saw, or the system of the lever, where the power and the weight are equal on either side of the fulcrum."

"I have not been over the bridge. Tell me what difficulties I should encounter."

"None whatever, if the roadway is intact; but if the leaves are raised, then you will have to enter a lift, which is capable of raising about twenty-four persons at a time in one minute and a half, or you can go up by a staircase. You then walk across a covered way, 12 ft. wide and 230 ft. long, descend by another lift, and so onwards to the Surrey side."

"I expect you are having a rather busy time?"

"Just look at this pile of letters before me and judge for yourself."

Commiserating the hard-worked Chairman, I took up my hat and offered my adieux.

The Corporation badge in connection with the ceremony is made of gold and enamel. The centre is occupied by a representation of the Tower Bridge, with the drawbridge raised and a vessel passing through. On the top is the Imperial crown; at one side the arms of Middlesex, at the other those of Surrey, and at the bottom those of the City, all on enamelled shields, which are joined together by a wreath of roses, shamrocks, and thistles. Running



through the whole is the insignia of the Bridge House Estates Committee. On the reverse is an enamelled inscription, giving the date of the opening ceremony. The jewel ornament of brilliants to be presented to the Princess of Wales is a beautiful work of art. With the exception of the enamelled shields, it is composed of brilliants, the centre being the rose of York and Lancaster. Both these commemorations have been executed by Messrs. Elkington.

A TYPE.

The kind of girl that I avoid
Is mincing, overdressed, and dolly,
She dotes upon "Aurora Floyd,"
And her umbrella is a "brolly."
Her waist—Burns calls it "jimp and sma";
She never walks—to show her breeding—
The Grundy frown to her is law,
Her shoes are French, but not her reading.

She never heard of Andrew Lang,
Of Stevenson, of Dobson (Austin),
Nor knew it was the swan that sang
To Lohengrin—romantic lost one!
Kipling awakes no pleasant smile,
George Meredith, or Alice Meynell;
Nor will she even for a while
Glance at the etchings of Joe Pennell.

Nor even London's Art array,
A Hacker, or a bright MacWhirter,
The graceful charm of John Millais,
Or sketch of Goethe's gloomy Werther.
She does not work, she does not play,
She does not care for Art or Learning,
But for regattas in the bay
Her millinery soul is yearning.

T. P. STUART.

OUR FRENCH VISITORS.

MADAME BERNHARDT IN "IZÉYL," AT
DALY'S THEATRE.

In olden days, there reigned over the hearts of men, in the city of Kaplavastou, a woman whose sole title to her empire was her exquisite beauty. Her infamy spread far and around, and men came from many miles to lay their wealth at her beautiful feet. Izéyl was her name, and such the power of her loveliness that she lived in a splendid palace at the very gates of the Temple of Kali. Among those who loved her was the young Prince Scindia, who, but for the life of his brother, Gautama, would have ruled the land.

Gautama did not at all resemble his half-brother Scindia in character. To him women were naught, and the fairest of his wives could not even win a kiss from him. Philosophy was his sole study. His old father gave up the throne in Gautama's favour, but on the very day fixed for the coronation as the prince sat in gorgeous state, surrounded by his Oriental flatterers, suddenly there rushed into his presence an unmannerly ascetic priest, called the Yoghi, who preached an audacious, terrible sermon on the vanity of riches, emptiness of temporal power, uselessness of kings, and misery of their subjects. Gautama was so deeply affected by his words and by the sight of some wretched citizens who came to implore succour in their sickness and sorrow that he resolved to follow the Yoghi to the desert and study truth.

Izéyl, standing proudly at the gates of her palace of pleasure, laughed at Gautama's resolution. She thought that his Quixotic resolution was due to his ignorance of love—or, at least, of her concept of love—and vowed that she would follow him and lure him back to the fierce joys and passionate sorrows of human life. Arrayed in her loveliest robes, she followed Gautama to the spot where he, the Yoghi, and a few disciples studied and starved. Face to face came the woman, the exquisite embodiment of carnal passion, and the ascetic to whom Buddhism owes its birth. Instinctively he guessed her designs, but did not disdain the combat. Vainly did Izéyl tempt this precursor of St. Antony, and when, after trying to magnetise him with her lovely voice, she offered her lips, he rebuked her with dignified indignation. Yet he almost fell. Quickly Gautama painted to her the horror of her life and the beauty of holiness. She hardly understood, knew only that she was fascinated by the man, and had a feeling strange to her that prompted her to sacrifice and chastity.

Izéyl left Gautama a "saved" woman—to use the cant term—and went back full of zeal for righteousness to Kaplavastou. Her palace she gave to the Princess Harastrî to be used as an asylum for the poor, to whom she dedicated her wealth. But she had forgotten to take Scindia into account. He came to see her, bearing presents of immense value. "What do you demand in return for these gifts?" she asked. "I demand nothing," he replied. So she handed them to the Yoghi for distribution among the poor.

Very quickly, however, Scindia showed that, even if he demanded nothing, he implored everything, and implored after the fashion of an Eastern despot. Izéyl reasoned with him, tried to persuade him to respect her. It was as useless as endeavouring to convince a hungry tiger of the virtues of vegetarianism. She snatched his dagger from his belt. He told her that if she resisted him he would have Gautama put to death. Partly to save herself, partly for preservation of Gautama, she struck him with the poignard, and he fell dead. Then horror and terror assailed her. She heard footsteps: how was she to hide the body? She dragged the supper table over it, and covered the blood-stains that marred the floor with some of the roses which decorated the room.

The Princess Harastrî entered. Izéyl did not know that she was Scindia's mother. She told her of the awful deed that she had done, and asked her protection. The Princess promised to befriend her; but when she learnt that the dead man lying under the table was her son, in her fury she would have stabbed her, but her hand was stayed, so she condemned Izéyl to death by torture. Poor Izéyl was dragged out into the streets, her eyes were torn out, and she was stoned, till at last, when nigh to death, the people carried her out to the forest as prey for the vultures.

Gautama came to her, told her that he loved her and had nearly succumbed to her temptation at their first meeting, and promised that her renunciation and sacrifice should be rewarded hereafter. She, in her joy, forgot for a while her pains, and, nestling in his arms, found happiness in death and the hope of an after-death reunion with Gautama. Death caught her hardly suspicious of his coming, and she passed away tranquilly to the higher form of life that Gautama had promised and preached.

The play of MM. Sylvestre and Morand is not to everyone's taste; to the orthodox the tale told bears too great a resemblance to part of the New Testament story to be pleasant, and the mixture of religious sentiment and simple animalism is rather repugnant. Nearly all classes must find that it has somewhat tedious passages, while the beauty of the verse, naturally, can appeal but to the few able to catch the full charm of poetry spoken in a foreign tongue. However, the third act is very exciting and thoroughly effective; the play presents some lovely pictures, and gives a splendid part to Madame Bernhardt, who acts it grandly. To me her acting seems now, like her person, at the full of its perfection, and this season promises to be as delightful as the famous summer month at the Palace Theatre.

MADAME RÉJANE IN "MADAME SANS-GÈNE,"
AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Can London support two French companies at a time? is a question to be solved in a few days. It will be remembered that, two summers ago, when Madame Bernhardt had her season at the Palace Theatre, a rival French company appeared at the Opera Comique, and promptly disappeared. Even M. Coquelin, with a good company and such attractions as the prohibited "Thermidor" and "La Mégère Apprivoisée," could not hold his own against "the divine Sarah," though her only novelties were the heavy "Cléopâtre," by Sardou, and "Pauline Blanchard" and "Leah," by M. Albert Darmont, the very promising young actor, who, unfortunately, is in the company now at Daly's Theatre. What chance, then, have Madame Réjane and the Vaudeville artistes in "Madame Sans-Gêne" against the ever-youthful Bernhardt in "Izéyl," a work of which my opinion is far more favourable than that of most of my fellow critics?

If the whole of "Madame Sans-Gêne" were as good as the prologue the play would be a conventional masterpiece. Nothing could be more effective than the treatment of the old stage episode of the jealous man who bursts into the room of the woman he loves expecting to find a lover there. The trick of Lefebvre in whispering to Catherine that the wounded man is dead, so that from her emotion he may guess her relations with the person she had hidden, is wonderfully neat. You may suggest that it would never occur to the mind of a common soldier, full of the excitement of battle. Of course not, but the time has long gone by since M. Sardou cared about truth to such an extent as the criticism suggests. The successor of Scribe is quite willing to spend months in thinking out an ingenious device, and then let it appear that one of his characters is able to invent it on the spur of the moment.

However, the first thing to note about "Madame Sans-Gêne" is that truth is out of the question. The piquant, pretty, spotless dresses of the *blanchisseuses* show at once that realism is not cared for at all. Indeed, the only attempt at realism consists in the audacious *décolletage* of the dames of the Court, in the scenery and costumes, and the language of "Madame Free-and-Easy." Both as washerwoman and Duchess, the lively heroine uses phrases and makes remarks that, if rendered into English, would promptly thin the audience. Luckily, she employs a slang that does not tell much to the average French-understanding Englishmen. Such an expression as "*tortiller le reste*" is not to be found in the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie," nor in the slang dictionaries that I possess, but you will find it a capital passport to the front door if you use it in polite French society. Not a few other fish-wife phrases that she utters could I quote.

Perhaps these expressions may be considered necessary as colour for the part, and so excused. They do not, however, seem to give much colour, for, apparently, all her argot is Surrey-side slang of to-day, and her locutions do not appear "premier Empire," nor are they specialised in relation to her experience as washerwoman or *vivandière*. The speech in which she tells Napoleon that she came up to his room with the deliberate intention of sacrificing her chance of becoming a *Rosière* might be left out, since it is not only exceedingly gross, but also utterly out of her character.

Perhaps I am paying too much attention to this question of language, so I had better speak of the play as a whole. It is by no means brilliant: it starts very well, but there is a steady falling-off right to the end, and the last act, with its Scribe-like intrigue, shows little of Sardou's great knowledge of stage effect. Of colour of the period there is little, of character-drawing less. The Napoleon is utterly common-place, Lefebvre is colourless, after the prologue, and Madame Sans-Gêne is merely a good acting part, in which everything is sacrificed to stage effect.

The chief merit, indeed, save in the prologue, is the smartness of the dialogue, which comes out capitably in Catherine's first scene with Jupiter Scapin.

However, I do not want to suggest that the production is dull. As a matter of fact, the brilliant acting of Madame Réjane, who is hardly ever off the stage, carried the play to success. She marred her work by exaggeration in the deportment lesson, where she showed an excess of clumsiness impossible in such a clever woman as Catherine. Apart from this blemish, her performance is splendid in its rich full humour and occasional note of tragedy, and proves her worthy of her reputation as a great comedian. M. Duquesne is a poor Napoleon: his elocution is so bad that a French lady next to me complained that she could not understand half that he said; his facial play and gestures were good, but there was no suggestion of the power of "the little corporal." Indeed, Mr. Murray Carson's Napoleon was a much finer performance.

As Lefebvre, M. Candé was admirable in the prologue, but afterwards seemed rather colourless. Strange to say, no effort was made by any of the characters to show the effect of the nineteen years that pass between the prologue and the first act. The beautiful Mdle. Verneuil played very well as Queen Caroline. The mounting is excellent, and presents some very interesting pictures of "premier Empire" furnishing. The dresses are gorgeous and curious, and display the charms of a remarkably handsome collection of walking ladies.



AN IMPRESSION OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

A CHAT WITH SARAH BERNHARDT.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt possesses the royal gift of never forgetting a face, and she greeted me (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) with the kindly grace of manner which is not the least of her charms in private life. Even when found sitting, surrounded by a crowd of friends, in her pretty boudoir at the Savoy Hotel, it was easy to see that "*la divine Sara*" was for the moment absorbed in the portrayal of an Eastern character, the heavy, severe garments and immobile face giving the great actress—*et pour cause*—a look of theosophical severity.

"Yes; I live in my parts even off the stage. Whatever rôle I happen to be playing completely possesses me for the time being. People often ask me to tell them which is my favourite part. I have no favourite part. Every new rôle is to me all-absorbing till it is superseded by another."

"And do you enjoy seeing your sister-artists' creations, Madame?"

A gleam of laughter filled Izéyl's aquamarine eyes. "I suppose that is a polite way of asking me what I think of Signora Duse. Well, you know, I came over specially from Paris to see her act, and I was amply rewarded. My only regret is that I saw her only in one part."

"You saw her in '*La Dame aux Camélias*'?"

"Yes," she answered, and then added deliberately, "although Signora Duse's conception of the part of Marguerite Gautier strikes me as being absolutely original, and, if I may say so, particularly Italian, I do not think that we differ much as to essentials. It is impossible for two women to play the same rôle in exactly the same manner, however much they may agree as to the nature of the character they are essaying to interpret. The more absolutely real—in the best sense of the word—an actress can be, I mean in being true to herself, the more effect she will produce. Signora Duse strikes me as possessing this power to a remarkable extent."

"Do you make a great point of studying local colour in a new drama?"

"Yes, indeed, I attach enormous importance to all stage accessories; for instance, before acting in '*Izéyl*' I made a special study of Buddha—in fact, the author declares that I am, without knowing it, a true Buddhist. Those Eastern religions," she added thoughtfully, "have about them something very fascinating and absorbing. They seem, not finite, but infinite in their possibilities."

"And Ibsen, Madame? Does he inspire you with enthusiasm?"

"Ah! you in England are quite devoted to the northern dramatist, are you not? It is delightful to be popular on your side of the water," she added prettily, "for you all take things so intensely seriously. What

'invented' the psychological play. Look at '*La Femme de Claude*': it was one of Dumas fils' first comedies, yet it is as intensely human and absolutely unconventional as '*Hedda Gabler*.'"

"Do you admit realism on the stage?"

"No," was the unexpected answer; "I do not consider that an impression of reality is best given by what is styled stage realism. For instance, I was never a supporter of the Théâtre Libre, and I think that



Photo by Falk, Sydney.

SARAH BERNHARDT.



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

SARAH BERNHARDT AS LA TOSCA.

do I think of Ibsen? I admire his Titanesque power, but I grieve at his obscurity and the cruelty we cannot but observe in his conception of life. When obscure, he is kind; when clear, cruel. Look at the '*Doll's House*' (a play, by-the-way, in which I should have acted over here had it not been that Réjane is going to show you her Norah Helmer)—can you imagine a more bitter story? I absolutely deny that Ibsen has

it positively injured and retarded theatrical progress. The public were justly frightened by the kind of plays which were acted, and excess of realism led to a reaction in favour of romanticism. M. Antoine made an interesting experiment; but that is all that can be said about it."

"And what do you think of the London stage?"

"I adore the Lyceum," she answered, clasping her hands together. "Ellen Terry and Irving, they are enchanting. Yes; I try to imitate some of the latter's marvellous *jeux de scène*. I go to school at the Lyceum," and the Doña Sol of yesterday and Tosca of to-morrow smiled a curious little smile. "I have modelled my theatre in Paris on Mr. Irving's house. You know, here and in America much more attention is given to stage scenery and costume than with us, and this side of the drama should not escape the attention of the true artist, for a good *mise en scène* predisposes the public to listen favourably to the play, and makes the task of all concerned easy."

"You are an advocate of the Conservatoire system, I believe?"

"Yes, indeed; and I am astonished that you have, as yet, nothing of the kind established in Great Britain. Still, I understand that your stock company system supplies the void, and that young beginners are quite content to study tiny rôles, and so gain the necessary experience."

"H'm, h'm, that is as it may be, Madame. You were yourself, I believe, a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire?"

"Oh, yes; I studied with Samson, who, in addition to being a great actor, was also a great teacher. I cannot understand," she continued meditatively, "how any young person can believe that so difficult an art as that of acting can be acquired without long study. My advice to a would-be actor is always the same: Go to the Conservatoire, and shirk none of the drudgery attached to dramatic study."

"You are yourself, I believe, a playwright?"

"Yes; stage literature is very fascinating. I think you will find that most comedians think they can write a play. No; I do not act in my own comedies—at least, not when I am in France—it would not be considered quite the right thing to do. We are so bound to certain conventions abroad!"—and Madame Sarah shrugged her slender shoulders.

"Have you any new part in prospect?"

"Yes; Sardou is writing a play for me. Don't ask me the subject or title, for as yet I am absolutely ignorant of both; but I trust him implicitly. I should add, however, that before producing this new drama I shall have a nice long rest, for, though fate has condemned me to be a wanderer, I dearly love, as every woman does, my own hearth."

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

With Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.

It seems the established practice for musical extravaganzas to start badly, and come near premature death during a sort of teething period. To this "King Kodak" has not been an exception. On the first night everyone talked of failure, but, now it has got through the breakers, a second edition is offered to the public, and all goes gaily. To grace the fiftieth night, a farce, called "Dulverydotty," was given. Obviously, a work of such elementary humour was not intended for those theatre-goers who take their after-dinner coffee at home. Pit and gallery seemed amused, and all of us were pleased by Miss Ruggles. "King Kodak" has been cut, and the advantage is great; there is still some dialogue that might be deleted, and every line lost would be something gained.

Now the piece goes gaily, and, by dint of the bright work of Mr. Edward Terry, Miss Lizzie Ruggles, and others, makes a very pleasant entertainment. I am not sure that justice has been done by us to the music, some of which, notably that written by Mr. Lionel Monckton, has strong and pleasing rhythm and ingenious melody. The new attractions are Miss Martino, who sings an Anglo-French song very smartly, a lady who whistles in a ladylike way, and is christened "*La Siffleuse*," a word that probably would have killed Littré. Miss Maud Hill, who replaces Miss Kate Vaughan, has some idea of acting; she is a girl with a curious prettiness and astounding energy in dancing—her "cart-wheel" is executed with a precision of which a street-arab might be proud.

Perhaps there is no need to say very much about "The Jerry Builder" at the Strand; it is a farcical comedy of simple, old-fashioned style, untainted by the new humour. The subject is a good one, and Mr. Mark Melford has treated it with some ingenuity. Mr. Edouin, as the builder, whose only care is to put up houses that will stand long enough for him to have time to raise money by mortgage on them, has a part that suits his style of humour very well. The sweet patience with which he listens to complaints about boilers that burst, papers that peel off, doors that will not shut and windows that cannot be opened, bells that are dumb, ceilings that admit rain, &c., is a beautiful study of resignation, tempered by the fact that he has no intention of doing anything in the way of repairs. Mr. Ernest Hendrie plays cleverly.



MR. EDWARD TERRY IN "KING KODAK."

*"I'm the head of a Corps Diplomatic,
With a title that's quite Asiatic,
For I'm known to the black as His Nibs the Kodak,
Which is quaint, though a trifle erratic."*

Miss Susie Vaughan, as a lady as inexact as to her age as a newspaper to its circulation, acts in a very lovely style. Miss May Edouin proved to be a young actress of undeniable natural gifts.

The title "Shall We Forgive Her?" is calculated to repel the experienced playgoer: it sounds very amateurish. However, Mr. Frank Harvey's play is far better than the title; indeed, though gladly I would



MISS LIZZIE RUGGLES IN "KING KODAK."

have had a good deal less, I found it an unusually interesting 'Delphi drama. It is a pity that Mr. Clement Scott's suggestion that the last act should be cut altogether was not adopted. It may be suggested that the treatment is not quite adequate, that the big subject which Henry VIII. first raised in a practical way by cutting off Catherine Howard's head on account of her ante-nuptial indiscretions is merely used as ingredients for a *Family Herald* story. Perhaps the suggestion is just, but Mr. Harvey's treatment is the only one possible at the theatre, and I welcome gladly a play that gets a little out of the vicious circle in which the Gatti melodramas travel.

Miss Julia Neilson has had the pleasure of learning from the critics that at the Adelphi she has found her true vocation. Certainly, her style, in many respects, suits the house. Still, one could wish she would lose her trick of laying strong accent on almost every word she utters. At times her speech reminds me of that of Mr. R. G. Knowles, the American music-hall artist. Mr. Fred Terry played the hero's part excellently. I wish Mr. Charles Dalton had more to do, and in a higher style of play. He seems to me worthy of work of better class than that in which he is usually seen. Once only have I seen him in an important play, "The Lady from the Sea," and then he acted exceedingly well.

"The Texan," with which a daring effort is made to draw the public to the Princess's Theatre, though it cannot be called a good play, at least suggests that Mr. Tyrone Power, its author, has some capacity for writing as well as for acting. It is not easy to specify his good qualities, but in his straggling, somewhat maladroit work there is a hint of power, a feeling for character and stage effect that may yet be turned to account. One cannot fail to see that as a character-actor he has substantial ability and an idea of restraint of which his play shows no traces. There is an awkward humour in him as the cowboy in polite society that was displayed very skilfully. Miss Edith Crane presented a dreadfully wicked woman, who carried the sickly death-bed repentance business to extravagant limits; she should make a valuable actress when her work has been thoroughly edited by an able stage-manager. The rest of the company played very well, and Messrs. Oswald Yorke and Rudge Harding did work of substantial value.

MONOCLE.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Mr. Thomas Mason, whose portrait accompanies these notes, is one of the oldest officials connected with the marvellous system of telegraphic communication which obtains in these islands. He may be stated to have sprung up with the electric signal, and its continued development and appreciation have brought the man to the front. Mr. Mason is a native of Birmingham, and went into the service of the old Electric

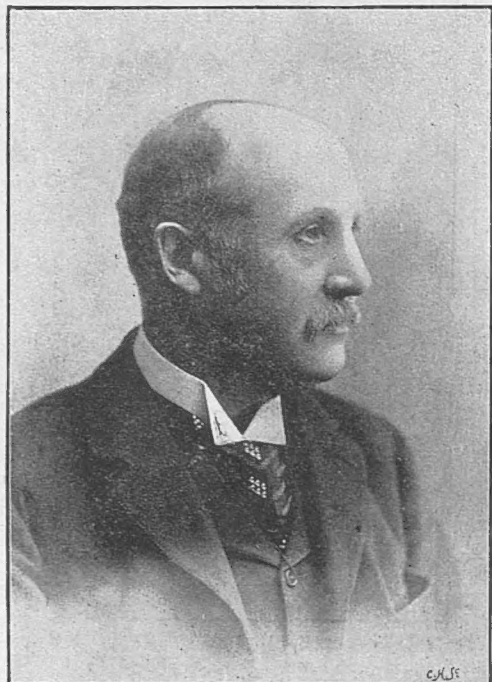


Photo by Debenham and Co., York.

MR. THOMAS MASON.

of director shall be a man of resource, for it frequently, indeed generally, happens that the most work is done where facilities are few. But Mr. Mason's early experience was obtained in dealing with the speeches of the late John Bright, and since then he has travelled with Lord Salisbury in Ireland, Gladstone in Devonshire, and, indeed, has visited every important town in the three kingdoms. When the late Duke of Clarence was on his deathbed, Mr. Mason went down to Dersingham, and had to hire a greenhouse, the only available building, in which to deal with the telegraphic messages sent to all parts of the world. His staff consists of thirty to forty experts, drawn from the chief offices of the country, and that they are all well up to their duties will be readily perceived when I say that upon busy afternoons they deal with thirty messages per minute for two hours at a stretch. He tells me that I and a few other journalists have done much to increase the afternoon labours of racegoing telegraphists, but to curtail the morning work, and the public do not support advertising tipsters to such an extent, now they can obtain better information in the Press for a copper. He himself has never backed a horse in his life, and, although he attends every big meeting, has never yet witnessed the contest for an important race. Mr. Mason is extremely popular with his staff.

Several jockeys who have crossed over to ride in France complain terribly of the foul riding of some of the French horsemen, and I certainly think our Jockey Club should be officially represented at the French meetings, just to report on matters. Of course, it is possible that the complaint will become catching, although I do not think a jockey who rode unfairly in England would be allowed to remain long on the Turf.

Glorious Goodwood will be our next big society function. I am told that several houses in the neighbourhood of Chichester have been already snapped up for the first week of the Sussex fortnight. As I have said many times before, it is a pity that Lord March does not give us better sport at the Ducal Meeting. I think he should appoint a gentleman to canvas for entries, and establish one or two valuable handicaps to be run at the meeting. Beyond the Stewards' Cup, there is nothing at present to attract the racing man proper.

I am told that several double-event bets have been made already over the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire; but, as they are only fancy wagers, it would be unfair to owners to name them before the entries are published. It is hoped Ladas will run for the Cambridgeshire, and if he is a second Bendigo he should win. For the Cesarewitch, I saw two or three horses running at Ascot that I shall keep my eye on, and if the French horse Avoir runs he will be backed.

Sporting journalism is not likely to be affected by recent doings of leagues and associations. I believe the supply of first-class sporting reporters is hardly equal to the demand, and I hear of tall salaries and long agreements being given of late to men of the top class. The reason why our undergrads and briefless barristers do not "tumble" to race reporting is that it requires some understanding. I must, however, admit that we have in our ranks some few barristers, M.A.'s, B.A.'s, and others of a like calibre, who do their work well.

Telegraph Company in his youth, soon rising to a position of responsibility, eventually having charge of the works at Birmingham and the districts which environ that important centre. When the telegraphs were transferred to Government in 1870, Mr. Mason went with them, and for four-and-twenty years he has been responsible for the organisation of that most important portion of the work of the G.P.O. technically known as "Special Service." This embraces important functions, such as race meetings, political speeches, or anything necessitating the despatch of heavy telegraphic messages, and it is necessary that the holder of the position

"*Les Anglais sont battus! Vive la France!*" was the cry which burst from the throats of hundreds of thousands of spectators at Longchamps on Sunday, 17th, when Baron de Schickler's colt gained the Blue Ribbon by a neck for his country and the dreaded Matchbox came in second. It was a glorious race, and one to be long remembered by those who witnessed it. The enthusiastic public would have carried horse and jockey back to the paddock in triumph had not a couple of squadrons advanced at a canter, and forced the excited throng outside the rails. Baron de Schickler and his son-in-law and daughter, the Comte and Comtesse Hubert de Pourtalès, came in for perfect ovations, and Dodge, the jockey, and Webb, the trainer, were alike the heroes of the day. It is rumoured that Baron de Hirsch and Porter were not very satisfied with Morny Cannon's riding, and one well-known turfite was heard to say that had Tom Lane been up Dodge wouldn't have had a look in. It is very easy to criticise, however; but if a mistake was made by Cannon, it was that, in coming down the descent, instead of sticking to the rails, he rushed round the leaders, calling too soon on the colt, and this was caused by the fear that he might be shut in by the rails, as happened last year to Ravensbury, causing him to lose the race.

The day was gloriously fine, and, consequently, the "confections" of the fair sex were displayed to the best advantage. They seemed more beautiful and *chic* than ever this year, both ladies and dresses, and it would be difficult to cite even a few of the prettiest dresses without giving them all; suffice it to say, therefore, that not a single costume appeared that could be called otherwise than charming and in good taste. The hats and coiffures were bright and becoming in the extreme, and made the stands and paddock appear one large conservatory of flowers.

Never has the Bois been so full as during the past week, owing to the beautiful summer weather, the crowds of visitors to *la Ville Lumière*, and, lastly, to the great attraction of seeing the numberless fair bicyclists who amuse themselves matutinally by this healthy exercise. The Parisians have certainly given the lie to the ancient popular supposition that, while they possessed every charm and grace under the sun, laziness and inertia were unmistakably their besetting sins. *Nous avons changé tout cela* with a vengeance, and I may with truth say that there are very few Englishwomen who could compete with their sisters in the Gay City for muscular development in the lower limbs and general hardiness occasioned by this splendid pastime. In the Allée des Marguerites, at the Cascades, in the Acacias, may be seen, every morning, smart little *coupés* pulling up, from which emerge the best known actresses and other ladies, charmingly attired in *chic* but business-like coat and knickerbockers, with dainty silk blouses or masculine shirts and ties—they consider it very *infra dig.* to ride through the streets; then they mount their machine, assisted by a *valet de pied*, who has it all in readiness, and away they ride, accompanied by numerous friends and admirers. The tandem machine is the *dernier cri*, and very comfortable and suitable it is, as, when tired, the fair lady can rest—sit still only—while the devoted cavalier does all the work and pedalling. It must not be supposed that bicycling is confined to the frivolous world alone: by no means so; it has become a general sport to both sexes and all grades, and duchesses with a tendency to corpulence—to put it euphemistically—little *couturières* on cranky-looking machines at one franc the hour, flirting comtesses, with waxed-moustached cavalry officers in full war-paint, stolid, puffing matrons, with red-faced, perspiring husbands, may all be seen in the Bois or environs of Paris, pedalling away as if their lives depended on it.

A great effort is being made to raise enough money to buy Turner's great picture "Ancient Italy" to add to the Louvre, which, as yet, numbers in its collection no example of the famous master. This particular picture was painted in 1838 for Mr. Munro, a friend of the artist, and sold at Christie's in 1878 to Mr. Agnew, the well-known dealer, for £5450, and is now on exhibition at the Sedelmeyer Gallery, with eight other landscapes by Turner. The Louvre heads the subscription list with 25,000 francs, and already 62,000 francs from other sources have been received, so there is every hope that "Ancient Italy" will take its place very soon in the Louvre.

At the Hôtel Drouot, the other day, I was present at the sale of a nightshirt which belonged to the Emperor Napoleon I., and bequeathed by him to Marshal Bertrand. A certificate was read stating that the shirt belonged to Alphonse Bertrand, a son of the Marshal, signed by M. Gaignaison, notary of Chateauroux, 1890. The shirt is of very fine white linen, a little yellowed by age, and embroidered with an "N." and crown. A reserve price of 400 francs was put up. The first bid, however, was only 60 francs, and went up very slowly to 150 francs, for which magnificent price it was knocked down to a person who wished his name kept private, but who proved to be the owner himself.—MIMOSA.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to The Sketch, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS: CYCLISTS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.
SKETCHED BY M. PARYS.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen left Balmoral shortly after luncheon on Wednesday, and proceeded by the road on the south bank of the Dee to Ballater, where there was a large crowd in the station square and the usual guard of honour. The royal train started directly her Majesty had entered her saloon, in which Princess Beatrice also travelled, as the luggage and servants had gone on in advance of the royal party. There was a great gathering of Aberdonians at Ferry Hill, where the train stopped five minutes to change engines, and the Queen was loudly cheered. Dinner was served at Perth, the whole paraphernalia of the repast being handed into the day saloon, where two of the servants arranged the table. The Queen had a number of despatch-boxes in the saloon with her, and several telegrams were handed in at Perth.

The Prince of Wales intends to be at Sandown Park on Thursday and Friday, and, if the weather is fine, the Princess will probably attend the meeting to-morrow (Thursday).

The crowd in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot this year was as great as ever, notwithstanding the fact that Lord Ribblesdale had refused many

energetic advocacy of the cause made great diversion and excitement at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, the 19th. Unenfranchised woman prayed a very loud prayer to the Government, and hinted gently that when she comes out of the cage and stands at the bar peace will indeed descend on the once uneasy spirit of the Commons, and Radicals, Conservatives, and other rival elements will mingle in fraternal and eternal fusion. These soothing forecasts of another order at St. Stephen's are quite cheering to anticipate, and imagination loves to dwell on ministering angels of the Conservative party, or lovely Liberals, in persuasive tones, winning bloodless victories from the vanquished Opposition with the aid of a smile or "a grey eye or so," until there was no longer an Opposition to subjugate. I can only exclaim with the impatient poet, in the face of such halcyon prospects, "Oh, let it be soon!"

The marriage of Miss Violet Maxse to Lord Edward Cecil was the fashionable event of last week. The church, St. Saviour's, Walton Place, Pont Street, was packed with spectators, and much interest was shown in the function. By-the-way, Millais' famous picture, "Puss in Boots," of which Miss Maxse (that was) was the original, and which was published in these columns two weeks ago, *à propos* of her wedding,



SEBASTIAN: "I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword."

"TWELFTH NIGHT," AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASH LIGHT BY E. PEARCE, STAMFORD HILL, N.

hundreds of applicants. For some time it has been suggested in society that a private stand should be erected on the heath for the Prince and Princess of Wales, to which only their personal friends, Ambassadors, and the "higher nobility" would be admitted, and the idea has received the tacit approval of his Royal Highness. The principal difficulty is that no alteration can be made at Ascot without the previous consent of her Majesty. Now that society has attained such enormous proportions, the Royal Enclosure is quite inadequate to the demands made upon its space, and the overcrowding makes admission to this coveted vantage-point a very doubtful pleasure.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife go to Scotland the week after next, and intend to spend a month at Duff House, Banffshire, before going to Braemar for the shooting season. They will entertain the Prince of Wales at New Mar Lodge after his return from Homburg, and the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud are to go there in October, when they come back from Denmark.

The coming woman has now arrived at the round number of eighty thousand strong, and whilom scoffers of the Women's Liberal Federation begin to shake in their political shoes. Among many earnest and eloquent advocates of this enlarged sphere of feminine opportunity are the Countess of Carlisle, Lady Grey, Lady Foster, and Countess Alice Kearney, whose

was reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Thomas McLean, of the Haymarket, who is the owner of the copyright.

Mr. Percy Wood was "At Home" last week in his studio in Queen Anne Street to a large number of friends and well-known members of society, who were invited to view the national memorial to Surgeon-Major Parke, of African fame, whose many deeds of heroism, rare beauty of character, and unflinching devotion to duty form too noble an example to be forgotten. The figure is life-size, and represents the gallant young surgeon, picturesquely attired as an African traveller, leaning upon his gun, the pose being singularly natural and impressive.

On behalf of the Bishop of Bedford's Homes in East London, three performances of "Twelfth Night" (which is just now being the sport of young actors and actresses) were given last week at St. George's Hall, Langham Place. The pretty incidental music was written and arranged by Mr. Berthold Tours, who conducted it. Mr. W. Taylor was stage-manager. The acting-manager was Duke Orsino, otherwise known as Mr. Philip S. King. The rôle of Viola was in the competent hands of Miss Joanna Millar, Olivia was played by Miss Dorothy Barrett, and Maria by Mrs. Barry. The setting of the comedy was charming, there being seventeen changes of scenery, all the work of Mr. George Harcourt.

One of the prettiest bits that I have heard about the late Lord Coleridge was told me by a genuine Ottery St. Mary man. "Yes," he said, "when Mr. Keble, of 'The Christian Year,' was vicar of Sidmouth, 'he would often come over. I've seen him walking in the garden, with his hand on young Mr. Coleridge's shoulder, giving him advice and notions and that. P'raps it was thro' that he was so much taken up with the church. Our church has got Cap'n Cook's monument in it, which folks come to look at. London people thought, because he was a bit of a Radical, he hadn't any religion; but the Bishop of Exeter used to come down to Heath's Court."

In a somewhat mixed manner, a worthy creature told me that the "Chief" had fireworks once a year on the lawn, and that he had often seen Matthew Arnold walking about the grounds. It is rather odd, but the Devonshire folk seem quite to regard the Coleridges as hereditary chiefs, and have a way, too, of speaking of the poet as the great head of the family. Yet for Coleridge to have been regarded as a country lord or squire is, indeed, a small marvel, and is a proof that the judge must have had many social qualities. "He never cared a bit about hunting, and said he wondered how people could find any pleasure in going about after a poor little devil of a hare. I never saw him in top-boots. Why, he used, when he was younger, to always wear a straw hat, and many's the time I've seen him taking it off to air his bald head. How he did hate smoking, too, to be sure! Anyone who wanted a whiff had to go up to the top of the house."

Although the late Lord Coleridge did not possess the regulation elements that make up the traditional rural *seigneur*, still, he was always liked by the freeborn peasantry. His pretty garden was planted on the site of the old school playground; he enclosed the once-loved "happy" fields to make a thirty-acre park; but, then, he was not too assertively ostentatious. He only added on to the old home, and it was not utterly lost in the new mansion that was to be the *château* of the house of Coleridge. He kept the old doorway intact.

"When I was ill in town," said a stalwart London Devonian to me, "he sent me three dozen of cider without my making any mention about it all. He had a rare way of finding out what your tastes were. He might have been Radical—a good many said that—but he stuck to a yellow brougham when the other judges gave up the old mustard-coloured rabbit-hutches. Yes; when he was returned for Exeter we took the horses out and dragged in his carriage, and the blacksmith of Ottery St. Mary fired the blessed anvil—it was a good tune. When he was speaking then on the Town Hall steps, I couldn't help thinking that, what with the way he kept his hands so stiff, and with his straight up-and-down coat, that you might have taken him for a Low Church parson, only I think he had on a white waistcoat."

"Sir," said Nature, in the half-entreating, half-commanding voice she always assumes when giving me instructions, "it behoves you to go up the river, to consider the punter and the ways thereof, to extract 'copy' from locks, weirs, and the wild fowl in and about them, to contemplate existence, and reduce it to manuscript form." Accordingly, I donned the garb dear to boating men, hurried to Paddington, missed my train, caught another going somewhere else, and went by it. The train took its time, as well as mine; but I was thinking of the beauties of the river, of cool backwaters, radiant with water-lilies and notices that trespassers will be prosecuted. I thought of delicious house-boats, and the rheumatism that lies in wait thereon for the unsuspecting traveller; of the smartest of smart toilettes, and the drenching shower that makes them fit for nothing but regrets. Then I fondled the substantial umbrella I had brought with me, and reached my destination. Strolling leisurely down to my accustomed boat-house, I found my friend the proprietor in receipt of custom, and asked him how trade was. Had he been a West-End shopkeeper, making three or four thousand a-year, he could not have been more despondent. He told me the weather had simply ruined the year's business down to the date of our conversation. The cold wind and incessant rain had kept everybody away but the enthusiasts, and the majority of the enthusiasts owned the boats they rowed in. Then, to cheer him up, I reminded him of last year, when, early in March, the river was crowded, and he bought several new boats, and was high and haughty in his aspect, and had to have his straw hat enlarged, because of the way pride had swollen his head. Even then I failed to cheer him up. He said the proceeds of

the seven months of plenty had been expended in repairs, new boats, and boat-house decorations, in anticipation of a better season still. He told me about wild visions of tea-gardens and tennis-lawns, all of which would have been an accomplished fact had the season been propitious. Just then a young and offensive specimen of gorgeously-attired male humanity came up, and, in a tone which suggested "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind," asked if the proprietor had a decent boat. Not waiting for the explosion which seemed fairly sure to follow, I hurried off to my boat, which was ready and prepared to give the river a treat.

I have come to the conclusion that I never spent a more miserable day upon the chest of Father Thames. There was no rain from the time I embarked, which was about one o'clock, down to six o'clock; when I returned, there was not a shower. The weather was saving itself for the week-enders, but, nevertheless, managed to spoil this particular day without spilling half a cloudful of water. The threatening and the cold wind did the mischief. I put my good friend the umbrella by my side, buttoned my coat up to the top, regretted I had ever bought flannels, and sculled away for dear warmth. Boatloads of miserable ones passed me continually, and several people had already donned waterproofs in anticipation of the drenching that never came. The birds were silent, and the river might have been the Styx instead of the Thames but for the substantial appearance of the few people that passed. Imagination, my own favourite vivid one, came to render the prevailing melancholy complete. I thought of my own epitaph, of the pathos of a rising young journalist—as an impudent paper once called me—coming to an untimely end through the biting frosts of June. I pictured the sorrow and consternation of the civilised part of the earth, the immediate cessation of the papers for which I write, and the return of the world to chaos. Just at this moment I was disturbed by loud shouts of "Ere, look out w're yer comin' to!" and a shriek feminine, and backed water only in time to avoid collision with an alarming crowd of louts and lasses. After a mutual exchange of compliments, tempted on my part, but not on theirs, out of respect for the ladies, I dismissed my imagination and did a couple of miles in highly creditable fashion. Then I sneezed so loudly that my imagination heard me and came back to continue the dismal story, reminding me that the sneeze was the first symptom of the trouble that would bring me to an untimely end, and that I had not even made my will. That settled it. I turned round and rowed for dear life back to the boat-house, wondering whether I should arrive in town in time to dispose of my goods and chattels. Through the lock, almost filled by my acquaintances of an hour ago, whose aspirates fell into the water with a hissing sound, past boat-house and house-boat, back to my starting-point. A hurried dispensation of silver, a bolt to the station, the fortunate arrival of an alleged fast train, and I was soon back again in the Metropolis.

Lady Burton writes me as follows: "I can fully confirm the truth of every word that both Captain Barker and Mr. Smithers have said about 'The Scented Garden.' I have at this moment a letter in my hand from a bookseller to my husband, June 29, 1886, in which he offers him four copies of one book and six copies of his (the bookseller's) 'Perfumed Garden,' in exchange for two copies of my husband's translation of the 'Arabian Nights'; and I have other letters of more recent date—that is, 1892-3-4—showing how one gentleman went to Tunis for the bit that is there, how another gentleman, who is not an Arabist, is having it translated, and also the firm that has offered to print it. But all this has no connection with either my husband or me."

The Marquis of Lothian had a good audience when he presided at the eighty-fifth anniversary dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund in the



THE MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN PRESIDING.

Holborn Restaurant on Wednesday, and he had the satisfaction of announcing subscriptions and donations amounting to nearly £500, including £105 from the Queen and £25 from himself.

Centuries ago Euclid told Ptolemy that there was no royal road to geometry, and millions of schoolboys since then have wished that the ancient mathematician had never lived to build the famous "Pons Asinorum." But geometry is, nevertheless, a science of the highest value, and old Sir Thomas Gresham recognised this fact when he founded the lectures in the City of London linked with his name. A few days ago, Mr. W. H. Wagstaff, M.A., was elected Gresham Professor of Geometry in succession to Mr. Karl Pearson, who has resigned. I must cordially congratulate Mr. Wagstaff on receiving at the early age of twenty-seven so important and honourable a post. He was educated at the City of London School, under Dr. Abbott, proceeding afterwards to Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1888, 19th Wrangler, First Class Honours. Thereafter he acted as head mathematical master at his old school until 1890, when he became master at King Edward's School, Birmingham. In 1892 he received his M.A. degree. Lately, Mr. Wagstaff has been a member of the tutorial staff at Wellington College. Some years ago, he was a candidate for the office which he has just obtained, and was then placed second to Professor Karl Pearson.



Photo by Turner and Co., Barnsbury Park, N.
MR. W. H. WAGSTAFF.

From Dion Boucicault's "After Dark" onwards, sensational railway scenes have played a prominent part in modern melodrama—for instance, in the same author's "Rescued," in R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh's "The Pointsman," in "Lured to Ruin," "A Big Fortune," "The Fast Mail," and others. The latest in the series is an American piece of life in the Far West, by De Mille, author of "The Lost Paradise," and part author of "Man and Woman." It bears the "fetching" title of "The Danger Signal," and is noteworthy for the introduction of the so-called "Cannon-Ball Express," which crosses the stage at a rapid rate. The express consists of a locomotive, made of iron and steel, a tender, two carriages, 50 feet long and 12½ high, a rotary snow-plough, and other appliances.

The Brighton West Pier not long ago underwent a process of renovation and extension, amounting almost to reconstruction. The pier-head has been increased to nearly double its original size, and furnished with commodious landing-stages on the east and west sides, extending seaward to the south, also with convenient bathing-rooms and refreshment buffets. A handsome pavilion has been erected, covering an area of 120 by 100 feet, and including a hall of entertainment capable of accommodating 1500 persons, with galleries opening upon a broad, elevated terrace surrounding the exterior, and forming a sheltered lounge and promenade, with splendid views of the front of the town, the line of coast and the sea. A fine band performs twice or thrice daily, and there are daily concerts and other entertainments of a high class. Steamboats run trips to sea or to the towns on the south coast every day during the season, weather permitting. Wind-screens, for the comfort and protection of visitors, are provided at intervals along the deck of the pier. Alike as a fashionable lounge, a place of amusement, or a resort for holiday-keepers, the Brighton pier is thoroughly complete in its arrangements and management. Last year it was visited by more than a million persons.

I maintain, without care of contradiction, that the genus dead-head is the manager's friend. I grant you that in many cases he will descend to curious devices to justify his name; but, after all, I claim that he does a great deal for the success of a piece, and he is absolutely required by a great number of theatres. Suppose a fairly good piece to be produced at a theatre and to be greeted by the Press with the "damnation of faint praise." The fate of this piece hangs in the balance. If it can last out long enough to give the public an idea that it has staying power, the public will support it; but if the first thirty performances are given to thin houses, the playgoer takes his patronage elsewhere. To whom in this crisis does the manager look for assistance? Why, to the dead-head, to whom he never looks in vain. The dead-head comes and fills his stalls and boxes and other parts of the house; will even, if necessary, go to the expense of hiring a dress suit; will bring his women-folk, will pay the costly charges of the fair-priced cab, the exorbitant sixpence for that catalogue of advertisements yecept a "programme." I have even known him to sacrifice a hard-earned shilling for an ice which never cost twopence, and sixpences for cups of coffee dreadful to drink. He does all this: he assists the management to weather the crisis, and then he is turned upon, and his blood is shed by ponderous critics, while the manager has no good word for him. I know the dead-head to be an untiring patron of certain houses, to which success only comes in spasms. I admire his fortitude and the resignation with which he bears calumny and oppression. Let astute managers say what they please, but I challenge any one man among them to say he can be absolutely independent of the support of my good friend Dead-Head and his tribe. If at the present moment he is independent, and, under the influence of a big success, has "waxed fat and kicked," I reserve the right to question him as to the initial stages of his managerial career. I have no particular manager in my mind: this challenge is to them all. The sense of chivalry within me makes it my duty to take up the cudgels on behalf of a despised and down-trodden set of people.

A propos of the young Mohawk lady, Miss Tekahionwake, who was sketched in these pages the other week, a correspondent reminds me that Edmund Kean was constituted a chief and prince of the Huron tribe some seventy years ago, under the name of "Alanienonidet." And a very curious experience at the hands of Indians befell Gay, the harlequin, who voyaged to America in 1832 to take part in the first English pantomime ever produced in New York. This was Dibdin's "Mother Goose," as brought out at the Bowery in February, 1832. The novelty failed to catch on, and Gay, after making fruitless endeavours to get employment as a dancing master at Boston and elsewhere, made his way out West. Want had forced him to part, bit by bit, with all his apparel, until the only thing left him to wear was his professional costume. His avocation on the boards had given him a peculiar habit of attitudinising, and when he chanced one night upon an Indian encampment, his spangles and his posing, viewed by the fitful gleam of the watch-fire, fascinated the redskins and gained him the reputation of being a great medicine man. His life was safe among these aboriginal men of the prairies just as long as his spangles lasted, for the Indian mind hungered after them as amulets. After a twelve-months' sojourn in this uncanny society, Gay deemed it wise to make himself scarce, and, favoured by circumstances, escaped to England. He ended his days, I believe, as a theatrical costumier somewhere down Whitechapel way.



THE WEST PIER, BRIGHTON.

Photo by E. Frith and Co., Regent.



MISS SIMONNET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

NOTES ON THE SOLOISTS.

Miss Clara Butt's career is as brief as it has been brilliant. She is a native of Southwick, near Brighton. She first learnt singing from Mr. Rootham, of Bristol; then, gaining a scholarship at the Royal College of Music, she came to London, four years ago. Miss Butt's first actual appearance as a vocalist was at a free concert given in the Albert Hall on a Sunday afternoon; on Dec. 7, 1892, she created a great impression in "The Golden Legend" in the same building. Three days



Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.
MISS CLARA BUTT.

after this *début* she obtained a remarkable success in a students' performance of Gluck's "Orfeo" at the Lyceum Theatre. Curiously enough, Miss Ravogli, whose name is linked with present-day renderings of this opera, was one of Miss Butt's auditors on that afternoon, when she sang "Che farò" so exquisitely. Before her tuition at the College, under Mr. Henry Blower, had been completed, Miss Butt was overwhelmed with engagements. She has twice appeared at State Concerts—a very signal tribute to her rapid advance. She is probably the tallest public singer of the day, and her contralto voice is of great volume and richness.

Madame Clara Samuëll is at last winning the recognition to which her beautiful voice and refined style have long entitled her. She is a native of musical Manchester, where she made her *début* at the age of sixteen. After study in Milan, she won the Parepa-Rosa Scholarship (as Miss Marian McKenzie did) at the Royal Academy of Music, where her teacher was Signor Randegger. Her voice is of singular sweetness, and lends itself particularly well to old English ballads. About seven years ago, Madame Samuëll made a great success in some concerts given at the Alexandra Palace, and when "Judas Maccabæus" was given on Handel Festival scale in 1892 won prolonged applause by her exquisite rendering of "Wise men flattering." At the Crystal Palace she is a very welcome favourite. In private life she is Madame Samuëll-Rose, the wife of the clever organist of St. Pancras' Church. Possibly on account of her surname, she is partial to singing "Rose, softly blooming" and "The Last Rose of Summer."

It is needless to give biographical details of our greatest English tenor—Edward Lloyd. His career has been as carefully noted as that of any politician; his name is probably better known than that of many a statesman. Mr. Lloyd is forty-nine, and ever since he astonished the critics by his magnificent singing at the Gloucester Musical Festival in 1871 he has increased year by year the fame he wears so modestly.

Mr. Lloyd is, as every true artist should be, the severest critic of himself. His aim is to interpret a composer's intentions rather than to display his own voice. Few artists have so seldom disappointed the public by non-appearance, and yet Mr. Lloyd is not over-particular as to his health. I have seen him sitting on the balcony outside his hotel in the evening, after he had been thrilling a great audience in the Cathedral an hour before. He is the soul of punctuality, and no vocalist has so well earned the universal esteem of his profession by consideration for others. The American interviewer had to admit that he was "an ordinary English gentleman with an extraordinary voice." He lives in a delightfully artistic home at Tulse Hill. One of his sons inherits his father's vocal talent in a high degree. The only solo which was repeated at the last Handel Festival was "The enemy said," grandly sung by Mr. Lloyd.

Mr. Santley, whose Handel Festivals stretch from 1862, when Mdle. Titiens and Miss Parepa were also new-comers, attained his sixtieth birthday on Feb. 28. His *début* was made in 1857 at St. Martin's Hall, now the gymnasium of the Y.M.C.A., in Long Acre. Two years afterwards he appeared in opera as Hoel in "Dinorah." But it is his success in devotional music that for nearly forty years has familiarised his name to every lover of oratorio. He does not yield to the growing craze for publicity, and is old-fashioned enough to believe that the public has no business with a man's private life. Mr. Santley is a capital artist in water-colours, and showed considerable literary skill in telling the plain, unvarnished story of his long career. His style in singing is an example to every vocalist by its fervour and consummate art. Accompanists are mostly overlooked, but Mr. Santley is not one of those who forget the debt the singer owes to them. He founded a prize at the Royal Academy of Music for the encouragement of this department of art.

Mr. Andrew Black, who sings for the first time at the Handel Festival, has especial reason to remember a certain New Year's Day, when he took, at short notice, Signor Foli's place as the bass soloist in "The Messiah." His success led the young Glaswegian to relinquish commerce for music; he had been previously mingling the two by acting as an organist. The late Mr. J. B. Welch became his London teacher, till he went to study at Naples with Scafati. At the Crystal Palace he has constantly sung since he made his London *début* there. Mr. Black is thirty-four years old, and has had a year's experience of opera in the United States. He is remarkably suited to Wagner's works, which he vastly enjoys, and communicates this liking through his impassioned dramatic singing.

LUTE.



Photo by Warnecke, Glasgow.
MR. ANDREW BLACK.



Photo by Kingsbury and Notcutt, Knightsbridge.
MR. CHARLES SANTLEY.



Photo by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.
MR. EDWARD LLOYD.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
MISS ELLA RUSSELL.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.
MADAME CLARA SAMUELL.

HANDEL FESTIVAL SOLOISTS.

A TALK WITH MR. BEN DAVIES.

Like most of those who have added a fresh lustre to the roll-call of "gallant little Wales," Mr. Ben Davies is ardently patriotic, and those who pass through the hospitable gates of Cartref—for with this name, suggestive of the Principality, Mr. Davies has dowered his pretty Hampstead home—are sure to find therein a hearty Welsh welcome.

As you are ushered into Mrs. Davies's lovely drawing-room, which is filled with counterfeit presentments of her husband's many friends in the



Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn, Penbridge Crescent, W.
MR. BEN DAVIES.

musical world, a sound of far-away melody fills the air. Suddenly the sweet sound ceases, and a moment later Mr. Ben Davies, looking all the better for his late American tour, enters the room, and, sitting down, prepares himself for cross-examination.

"Well, Mr. Davies, as a man and as a musician, what do you think of America?"

"From every point of view, I am enchanted with America and things American," he answers, smiling. "You may know that this was my second visit, for, like a good many other people, I took a flying trip to Chicago last year. Speaking as a man, I cannot praise their kindness and hospitality too highly; from the musical point of view, I must confess that the American people are considerably in advance of us."

"Perhaps this is owing to the German element in the States?"

"Possibly so; but, as far as I could see, my audiences were drawn from every class and nationality. I sang all over the States—New York, Washington, Springfield, in Boston, in Indianapolis, in Providence, and Cincinnati, also in Canada, and everywhere I found that the people preferred the best music, and thoroughly understood and appreciated what they wished to hear. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that the ballad concert, in our sense, is unknown—I mean, of course, those English concerts which are mainly instrumental in making known modern drawing-room songs, for of old English, Scotch, and Irish ballads there is a great demand in America. But the Transatlantic musical public has trained itself to prefer the best work to any other."

"And which of your songs did you find most popular?"

"'Waft her, angels' and selections from 'Lohengrin' and 'The Meistersingers.' I took part in the great Cincinnati Festival, where we had each night audiences numbering six thousand people."

"And has America yet produced a great composer?"

"Not that I know of, but she may be doing so at this moment. This very festival at Cincinnati saw the production of an American oratorio by a composer named H. W. Parker which I liked immensely."

"You can boast of more foreign experience than can most English musicians?"

"Yes; for though many of us go to America, but few have as yet attempted a Continental tour. My German experiences have been exceedingly pleasant, although I had at first to conquer a good deal of prejudice. Wagner's worthy compatriots laughed at the idea of an Englishman coming to teach them how to sing. But there soon came an end to that state of things, and I was lately asked to take part in a German tour which will include eighty concerts."

"Are you one of those who think that a singer can only be trained abroad?"

"Well, considering that I myself was a student at the Royal Academy of Music, I am not likely to say 'Yes' to your question," observes Mr. Davies, laughing; "but, seriously, as good tuition can be got in London as anywhere in the world, and I could not wish any young man a better master than my own old chief, Signor Randegger, of the R.A.M. Mind you, I do not believe in singers beginning too young. A woman should not begin to train before she is sixteen, or a man before he is twenty-one years of age."

"And how long does it take to become a good singer?"

"Some people think that they can learn in twelve lessons. My answer would be five years' hard study. I also believe in singers keeping up practice. As for me, I make it a rule to sing a certain number of scales every morning; more when I am idle, less when I am singing every evening."

"And have you any rules about food and exercise?"

"What is good for the body is good for the voice. In other words, if a man enjoys ordinary health, he will sing well even under difficult circumstances. Those long journeys in America are distinctly trying to the nerves, but I never found that they affected my voice. I also have the good fortune of being an excellent scaman, so travelling is a real pleasure to me."

And then the five-year-old little maiden, who is even now betraying the possession of some of her father's great musical gifts, makes her appearance on the scene, and puts an end to the interview proper. But in the course of some pleasant chat your host tells you that one of the pleasantest episodes of his home-coming was the arrival of a gold watch sent him by her Majesty in guise of welcome, for Mr. Ben Davies has had the honour of singing in her presence five times, and the Queen is one of those who never forgets an old friend.

MR. NORMAN SALMOND.

Mr. Norman Salmond is a Yorkshireman, born thirty-six years ago. Not till he had attained his majority did he discover his singing voice, which was to prove his fortune. He studied with Mr. R. Lancelot, and, coming



Photo by Coz and Durrant, Torquay.
MR. NORMAN SALMOND.

to London in 1889, adopted his present profession. He made his metropolitan debut by singing as a substitute at a Monday Popular Concert with great success. At the Royal English Opera House, Mr. Salmond played King Richard in "Ivanhoe" four nights a week for six months. Mr. Salmond married, in 1888, Miss Adelaide Manzocchi, formerly a favourite pianist.

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MISS LETTY LIND IN "GO-BANG," AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.

"I'm a dear little Chinese dolly!"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The amateur is abroad in literature, and very daring is his temper. He steps in lightly where many a trained professional writer would fear to tread. The amateur prefers the most difficult, the subtlest subjects, and is in the vanguard of opinion. Messrs. Mathews and Lane are issuing a series of books of select fiction. The first of these, "Keynotes," was certainly not the work of an amateur. Though not a particularly agreeable book, there was power in it and imagination. The third is to be a Russian masterpiece, Dostoevsky's "Poor Folk." But the amateur has his—in this case it happens to be her—chance in the second.

"The Dancing Faun," by Florence Farr, is a study in depravity—depravity of two kinds, that of the traditional card-sharping adventurer and that of the modern woman of the world. To have dealt with the material fitly would have demanded the greatest skill and delicacy, and even then an unpleasant book must have been the result. Altogether, it was too hard a task for the amateur, who has omitted none of the hideousness of this story of a woman who falls in love with a villain on account of his depravity, and then shoots him when he wounds her vanity. Speeches of a youthfully reckless cynicism are scattered about to give the story a Mephistophelian cast, and the material and workmanship are as thin and sparing as if they were of so good a quality that they could not be used extravagantly. Still, one is glad when the amateur is not diffuse.

A book of stories which the modern amateur of the advanced school would look on as a little tame is Mr. Keighley Snowden's "Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds" (Low). But the real thing is in them, the promise of a fine literary style, sympathetic knowledge of mankind, a preference for human nature in health rather than disease, and genuine humour and pathos. The amateurishness here is only that of a craftsman who has not learnt complete dexterity with his tools, but who is setting about learning in the right way. The stories are in a second edition, the first having been printed by Mr. Snowden himself, an interesting experiment, but which, perhaps, hindered the early success of the book with the fastidious.

Mr. Snowden's tales are mainly, and all the best ones are wholly, about Yorkshire peasantry. He reveals them as a softer-natured folk than they reveal themselves to strangers, but he is not a stranger, and probably knows best. His interest in them, his first-hand knowledge, and his love for the land as well as the people point to the direction in which his future works of fiction should lie.

Many will envy Miss (or Mrs.) Edith Rinder the task she has had in collecting her "Poems and Lyrics of Nature" (Scott); and, of course, there will be among such some dissatisfaction with her selection. It is a good selection, nevertheless, considering the limitations imposed on it. They are all very modern poets she has had to choose from, and these, unfortunately, for various reasons, for which the editor is not responsible, do not include Mr. Meredith, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and Mr. Henley.

It is not altogether easy to get over the fact that the longest selections are mostly from the least remarkable poets. Perhaps that is the editor's way of giving the less known ones a chance. But an anthologist should have no kindly human feelings. Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. Yeats, and Mr. E. J. Ellis, for instance, are represented by one poem each, but Mr. Charles A. Fox by ten, some of them indifferent. However, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Gale, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Theodore Watts, and Mrs. Hinkson have intelligent, if scanty, representation.

A novelty in this anthology is a poem by an Indian, Mr. Manmohan Ghose, "Mentem Mortalia Tangunt." It is pretty in sentiment and melodious in verse, but English rather than Oriental. Here is a sample—

Oh, then this pleasant earth
Seems but an alien thing!
Faint grows her busy mirth;
Far hence our thoughts take wing:
For some enduring home we cry.
She cannot satisfy,
Or bind us.

In looking through the selection, one is impressed by the rarity of the note that is struck by Mr. Stopford Brooke—the note of the true Nature-lover. A very unsocial person he is, but he is the only lover Nature pays any attention to—

Do you wish the love of Nature?
Love nor man nor woman
Passionately, for the Creature
Hides herself from all that's human.

The frontispiece is a charming portrait of Mr. Andrew Lang, reproduced from Mr. Hollyer's photograph of Mr. Richmond's picture. Buyers of the book will be glad to have it, but they may also ask whether Mr. Lang, in spite of some exquisite Tweedside lyrics, is the typical Nature poet among those from whom the selections have been made.

Two books of verse have come into my hands. The cover of one is spotted all over with flaming hearts, and its title is "Erotica" (Gay and Bird). If the young poet, Mr. Arthur Clark Kennedy, could conceive of

the suspicion with which a reviewer, deeply read in minor verse, sights both cover and title, he would receive whatever praise should come with surprised gratitude. It is worth while venturing further than the title. That I discovered in the first few pages, where slight but pretty stanzas such as this occur—

All life's beauty lies in love,
Love whose touch transposes
Barren field to flowery mead,
Where the *amorini* tread
Ankle-deep in roses.

Further on there are verses not so slight, and almost as pretty. There isn't any very magnificent poetry in the book, but Mr. Kennedy, unlike most "erotic" poets of the day, parades no sickly semblance of fervour. His verse is healthy and sincere.

The other book is so different that one hardly feels justified in naming it on the same page. There is just a single point in common. Here, too, deep feeling has found sincere expression, and sincerity of utterance is, somehow, so much rarer than sincerity of feeling. This second book, "A Little Child's Wreath" (Mathews and Lane), is written by a woman, Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, to the memory of a child. There is nothing morbid or strained about it, nothing that makes a reader feel he has no right to turn the pages. The verses have a clear, sweet ring about them, and many gleams of brightness. They are hardly to be judged by a few stray lines, but child-lovers might be enticed to interest by such as these—

What art makes magnets of the helpless hands
That fitfully caress and feebly touch?
What sorcery entwines the flowery bands
That chafe so sweetly and compel so much?

Not beauty, no, nor grace, nor gleams of heaven;
The pas-sport to my heart is—being seven.

O. O.

MISS KATHRINE CLEMMONS.

The portrait of a charming and beautiful American woman appears on the opposite page. Miss Kathrine Clemmons is a Californian girl, and an actress who has recently made her *début* across the water, and aroused considerable enthusiasm among her own countrymen and countrywomen. She was introduced to the stage by the Hon. William Cody, otherwise "Buffalo Bill," a friend of her family and a willing banker for the lovely girl, whom he had dangled on his knee as an infant.

Miss Clemmons appeared as the "star" of her own company last season in Washington. She made her first appearance in the leading theatre of the American capital, simply because the Western Senators and their wives expected her to do so. Those Senators brought the whole of the diplomatic, the official, and the fashionable world of Washington to make or mar the success of their *protégée*, and the end of the performance was an ovation which has seldom been equalled in the most aristocratic city of America. The play was "A Lady of Venice," a mediæval drama of no particular excellence; but it served to show to the full the natural genius of the actress, even if it revealed certain faults of brief training and carelessness of study.

The scenes were mounted with a lavish gorgeousness, which at least proved that the Hon. William Cody was generous in the completion of his promise, and for the duration of the run there was hardly a luncheon or supper party given in Washington which did not rejoice in the acceptance or mourn the rejection of an invitation by Kathrine Clemmons.

Then the young actress went on tour through the States, and earned success wherever she went until she reached New York. In that city she decided to open with a new play, "Mrs. Dascot." The author was General Lloyd Bryce, editor of the *North American Review*, and a gentleman of the highest social position in the Yankee metropolis. The same extravagance of mounting and dressing was displayed as in the "Lady of Venice"—indeed, the play, being modern, the gowns of Miss Clemmons were at once the astonishment and envy of every woman in the audience.

But "Mrs. Dascot" would not "go." Critics and ticket-buyers howled disapproval of it, and the contemplation of the beautiful actress was not considered sufficient return for the outlay necessary for seats. Miss Clemmons objected to issuing stacks of "paper," and objected still more to empty benches, and so she discharged her company and sailed for London in search of a new piece, a new "leading" man, and one or two pretty English "walking" ladies. She is now in London on her quest.

Her portrait which *The Sketch* publishes does her justice. It depicts her exactly as she is; but it must be explained that she is of somewhat girlish figure, that she is not more than three-and-twenty, that she has blue eyes, perfect teeth, an excellent complexion, and hair of a pale and entirely natural golden tinge.

She is more like an Englishwoman than the American girl familiar to us over here. She has a soft voice and a quiet and reserved manner. She dresses with the grace and elegance of a Frenchwoman; goes to bed early and gets up for a walk in the Park at an hour when many of us are still asleep. She rides and drives anything in the shape of a horse, and is equally at home with a tandem or four-in-hand team; loves her dumb-bells and her cold bath, and knows how to box as well as fence. She can use a pair of oars in a manner which might make her formidable if she entered at Henley, and insists that no Cockney can out-vie her in her love for "dear old London."

ASCCB.



MISS KATHRINE CLEMMONS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCE, NEW YORK.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A NOVEL WITH BRAINS.*

The title of this book may be a little alarming to the nervous man who has read many novels lately in which life is represented as a flaming pathway of woman's vengeance for centuries of subjection, and in which he has stumbled in every page over the grisly, mouldering bones of man's fallen supremacy. The modern woman in Miss Dixon's story is not the aggressive champion of her sex, chanting the battle-cry of freedom, but the patient toiler in a world which is apt to be hard on women who work for their living, a world which expects them to cultivate the artificial delicacies of conventional ignorance, and to bruise themselves against the rough edges of the social system with "an acquiescent feminine smile." I do not remember any novel in which the gradual inkling of the puzzles of life in the mind of an observant and sensitive girl is more skilfully suggested than in Miss Dixon's early pages—the first taste of power which belongs to youth and charm, the first heart-break of the love affair which does not run smooth, the discovery that, while man can love and ride away, the girl is subdued to the "trivial round of civilised feminine existence." She suffers the "torture of the young, the young who are always unhappy, and whose little lives are always coming to a full-stop, with chapters that cease bluntly, brutally, without reason and without explanation." Mary Erle is the daughter of a distinguished professor of science, and one chapter of her existence ends abruptly with his death, which forces her to make her own livelihood and find means to educate her younger brother. The sombre note of the book is struck in this bereavement, and the details are drawn with many subtle touches of pathos. Miss Dixon's style excels in delicate vignettes, full of suggestion, and marked, above all, by that artistic restraint which is such an agreeable contrast to the flucney of the average woman-novel. On the evening of the professor's funeral, Mary bethinks her of the dress-maker who is toiling at the top of the house over some mourning garment. "The seamstress's hand continued to move with docile regularity, and as Mary looked at her she was curiously reminded of many women she had seen: ladies, mothers of large families, who sat and sewed with just such an expression of unquestioning resignation. The clicking sound of the needle, the swish of the drawn-out thread, the heavy breathing of the work-woman, all added to the impression. Yes; they, too, were content to exist subversively, depending always on someone else, using the old feminine stratagems, well-worn feminine subterfuges, to gain their end. The woman who sews is eternally the same."

In her sorrow Mary Erle has two consolers. The first is Vincent Hemming, a weak and rather pompous young man, with an unfortunate facility of letting his words outrun his will. Moved by the picture of Mary in her black dress sorting her father's books, Hemming makes a declaration. It is a foolish business: that is to say, it means everything to the woman and very little to the man. To the male mind there is, perhaps, too great an insistence throughout the book on the irresponsibility of man, who does not figure, indeed, in any agreeable aspect. Mary's second consoler is her friend Alison Ives: of the two women, the more striking personality—the woman who hides the light of good works under the bushel of nonchalance, and hates the profession of charity as an impertinence to the poor. "District visiting," says Alison, "is nothing less than a gross breach of manners—a little worse than electioneering, if that's possible." Her interest in the poor has an eminently practical bent, and in the intervals of fashion she devotes herself to the task of marrying the mother of an inopportune baby to the father, who is too bashful to recognise his social obligation without a little gentle pressure. The tragedy of Alison's history is the discovery that the popular physician who wishes to make her his wife has ruined

a shop girl, and left her to perish on the streets. In Dunlop Strange Miss Dixon has drawn a type of deliberate, aggressive, and unrelenting selfishness, as in Vincent Hemming she has drawn the nerveless, self-indulgent, well-meaning man who wrecks a woman's life and makes a futile effort to retrieve the disaster. Vincent jilts Mary, marries for money, and, having achieved his own domestic ruin, proposes to start afresh by a double wrong. His appeal to Mary to sacrifice everything for him is answered in a touching passage, which sums up the philosophy of the story: "'Vincent,' she said, in a grave voice, 'I can't do it. I can't, I can't—not even for you. It is not that I mind what people would say—that's nothing. It isn't that I don't love you. I—I—why, I have always loved you. But it's the other woman—your wife. I can't, I can't deliberately injure another woman. Think how she would suffer! Oh! the torture of women's lives—the helplessness, the impotence, the emptiness! And, Vincent, she is the mother of your child. Your

child, dear!' she went on, after a pause. 'I could not bear that she should grow up and hate me. All we modern women mean to help each other now. We have had a bad time as it is,' she added, with a faint smile; 'surely we needn't make it worse by our own deliberate acts!'" Before this, Alison has died, after an illness which is the penalty of her charitable devotion in soothing the last moments of Strange's mistress in a hospital. Here, then, is the ideal of the sisterly ties which are to bind women together in a league more promising of disinterestedness than the franchise. Miss Dixon is too true an artist to preach cut-and-dried plans of social regeneration. She is content to let two broken lives teach their own lessons of charity, without any harum-scarum scheme for the reconstruction of human nature. Some of us may venture to hope that, as men are not all Dunlop Stranges and Vincent Hemmings, there will be considerable sympathy among them with this view of woman's crusade.

But the book is not wholly in a minor key. There is some excellent satire on the rapid routine of the fashionable world. Mary earns her bread as a journalist, and the habits of editors are sketched with that disrespectful playfulness which distinguishes the feminine attitude towards Fleet Street. Life in a School of Art is happily described; but what will the Academicians say to Mr. Perry Jackson, the new Associate, who explains why he

has gone to live in a big house, which belonged, furniture and all, to a broken-down artist? "Bless you! it's all for show. I live in a little room at the back. Couldn't be bothered to sit down and eat my mutton-chop in that great big gold and amber dining-room. Oh, no! not for this infant. But it fetches the public, no end. Why, I've had any amount of tip-top swells there already. They come in and say, 'What a perfectly beautiful house, Mr. Jackson! What exquisite taste! Where did you get that cabinet? I wonder, now, if I were to ask very prettily, if you could find time to paint my portrait?'" Perry Jackson succeeds in his profession by painting pictures which "catch on," and when Mary, who has been sent to interview him, wants to know if he has "a Message," he ingenuously replies, "I don't mind what you say about me. All I want to do is to make the thing pay." This common, soulless little Cockney offers the girl his hand and fortune and prestige, together with the house and studio, which he bought as they stood from someone who had taste. Yet, by a stroke of irony, Mr. Jackson is the only man in the book you can respect, for Mary's father, the professor, dies before it begins. This ought to suggest some dubious reflections to modern men in the privacy of their own consciences.

L. F. A.

A REASONING MIND.

CLERGYMAN: "And why should little boys say their prayers every night?"

GOOD BOY: "So's the Lord can have a chance to get what they want by morning."—Puck.



Photo by Mrs. F. Wilkinson, Manchester.

MISS ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

* "The Story of a Modern Woman." By Ella Hepworth Dixon. London: W. Heinemann.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

It is a little sad to find how invariable is the rule that the different societies planted here and there for the advancement of the art of different Oriental nations receive so small an encouragement at the hands of the general public. You will generally find that at the end of



MAY.—J. HANSON WALKER.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

the financial year such societies are in the possession of about 15s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., or are in debt for the same amount. The experience is so general as to constitute a rule.

The report, for example, of the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art, which has just been issued, proves the general experience with some conclusiveness. Although patronised by Sir Frederic Leighton, presided over by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., with a very formidable list of vice-presidents, life members, members, and subscribers, the balance in hand for the beginning of the financial year did not amount to more than twelve pounds.

Nevertheless, the record of the society's work, if unpretentious and unobtrusive, is a satisfactory and an honourable one. It is on record, however ignorant readers may be of the fact, that several unimportant and interesting exhibitions have been held, in which the society was largely able to assist. Among these the first was that of Indian Art Metal Work, which was held at the Imperial Institute, and which was chiefly remarkable for its inclusion of the Jeypore collection, contributed by the Maharajah of Jeypore. It is in the art of wrought metal that the Indian genius and patience, tireless industry, and unmitigated attention to detail are shown at their highest accomplishment. In colour the native work of India does not shine among the arts of the Oriental nations. Better than Persia, with her crude purples and blinding reds, India, however, cannot compare with Japan or even China in delicacy of colour any more than she can with these nations in elegance of design or in that consummate art of "placing" a line or a curve in any given arrangement. Notwithstanding, the art of India deserves every publicity which can be given to it, and this society is doing an excellent work in giving to it the publicity it does.

We are beginning to grow accustomed to the annual exhibitions of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, detailing his impressions of some little foreign tour, in India, in Egypt, or other where. This year he exhibits a little series of thirty pictures, or we should rather call them miniatures, caught on the wing, as it were, at Cairo. Mr. Menpes claims our attention chiefly as a colourist. It would be absurd to praise him either as a consummate draughtsman or as a subtle designer. His colour is, moreover, pitched, for the most part, in a high key; not that the bulk of these little canvases shine with high colour, but the key-note, so to speak, distinguished from tone, is struck somewhere upon the higher spaces of

the colour key-board. A brilliant red, or a brilliant blue, always harmonising with and harmonised by the prevailing lower tints, makes for Mr. Menpes's little art quite a little triumph. It is so easy to be lurid by the use of a brilliant palette, that it is no small praise to say of this kind of work achieved by Mr. Menpes that he has succeeded in being brilliant without ever being either lurid or vulgar. Wonderfully vivid, careful, and truly impressionist, these little records of a profitable travel have quite enough of artistic qualities in them to rank them above far more pretentious and over-praised works. The pictures are on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, New Bond Street.

Another gallery which, in the hush of the year, is well worth a visit is the Goupil Gallery, which contains a quantity of extremely fine Troyons. Among them all, in wonderful splendour and majesty, is to be found that great picture, painted more than forty years ago by this master, the "Vallée de la Touques." It is a landscape of the highest possible distinction. The sunlight, the veil of the atmosphere, the shining middle distance, and the general lighting of the picture make this masterpiece not only a marvel of painting, but also a marvel of poetry. It is easy enough, perhaps, to an artist of great manual dexterity, and a clear, unhampered field of vision, to produce a picture, a landscape of extraordinary truth and accuracy, and even of broad effect; but only by him who is gifted with a poetry of vision, that "vision and faculty divine" so exquisitely described by Wordsworth, can a truly poetical landscape be produced. And among painters it is a vision granted to how few! Among its fortunate possessors, Corot, perhaps, takes the highest rank—his poetry was so delicate and so exquisite; and among them, Troyon, there is no doubt whatever, takes an exceedingly high place. If there were no other picture extant to prove this truth, this "Vallée de la Touques" would be sufficient.



MRS. ALFRED TATE.—ROBERT CHRISTIE.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

But it happens that there are many other pictures to prove it, and some of these are also to be found at the present moment at the Goupil Gallery in this distinguished company. Among these, the canvas called "Fisherwoman"—probably so called because the fisherwoman in question has nothing whatever to do with the beauty of the picture—



LANDSCAPE.—JAN BREUGHEL (1568-1625).

Exhibited in the Guildhall Loan Collection, and reproduced by permission of Mr. W. M. Ward, Imperial German Vice-Consul, Blyth.

takes rank only below the "Vallée." There is an extraordinary sense of space about this picture. If the notion be not too *bizarre*—or, let us say, personal—the sense of space, of miles and miles of land and atmosphere,



A SEA SHELL.—J. A. SIMPSON.

Exhibited at the New Gallery.

fills one with the same hopelessness and sentiment of grandeur as that extraordinary Kipling, "The Man who would be King." The colouring, moreover, of this remarkable work is most refined and subtle in its gradations. Take the collection all in all, it brings to us additional proof of the greatness and accomplishment of Troyon.



MEDALLION OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

W. D. KEYWORTH, JUN.

A monument in memory of Edwin Booth has been erected over his grave in Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Mass., where Agassiz, Margaret Fuller, Charlotte Cushman, Longfellow, and a host of other celebrities are buried. The monument is of Tennessee marble, a Greek monolith, about six feet high, appropriately, but not elaborately carved.



"SITTING BULL," THE SIOUX CHIEF.—WALTER WINANS.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

In the face of the stone is a large portrait, in bas-relief, of Edwin Booth, done in bronze, the work of Mr. F. Edwin Elwell, of New York, the artist whose statue of Dickens took the international medal at the Chicago Exhibition. Beneath the bas-relief is the following inscription—

EDWIN BOOTH,
BORN NOV. 13, 1833.
DIED JUNE 7, 1893.

"I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow."—Jeremiah xxxi. 13.

On the reverse side, beneath the Greek symbols of Comedy and Tragedy, is the following—

"The idea of thy life shall sweetly creep into my study of imagination, and every lovely organ of thy life shall come apparelled in more precious habit, more moving, delicate, and full of life, into the eye and prospect of my soul than when thou liv'st indeed."—Shakspeare.



THE LATE EDWIN BOOTH.—F. EDWIN ELWELL.



LUNA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

"THE MASQUERADERS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

From Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. H. V. ESMOND (EDDIE REMON).



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AND MR. ELLIOT (MONTAGU LUSHINGTON).



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH (CHARLEY WISHANGER) AND MR. H. WARING (SIR BRICE SKENE).



MISS BERYL FABER (LADY CLARICE REINDEAN), MR. ELLIOT, AND MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SWEETHEART (back from the wars): "Gracious! how she's grown!"



IN THE PARK.

MAUD: "You know, my Ma's hair comes down to her knees."

EDITH (who owes Maud a grudge): "Why did she buy it so long?"



LONDON BRIDGE TO GREENWICH.



"OH! SHOCKING!"
DRAWN BY A. C. WEATHERSTONE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE NEMESIS OF A BLUE EYE.

BY BURKE O'CONNOR.

A widow, the widow of a day, sat by the writing-table at the foot of the old-fashioned curtained bedstead, sorting and examining the papers and letters that lay in a scattered pile before her. Now and again the tears which blinded her, falling like rain from the already swollen eyelids, forced her to cease from her dreary occupation.

She had a beautiful face, small, and of a somewhat pointed oval, the slight sharpness of outline corrected by a mass of cloudy fair hair. The complexion, when not blurred with weeping, was of a tender warm pallor, suggestive of the tint of the *Souvenir de Malmaison* rose, the mouth soft-lipped and pathetic, the large brown eyes brilliant, yet not wanting in expression.

On the bed, towards which her gaze, passionately grieving, so continually turned, lay the rigid form of a dead man—her husband.

After a forty-eight hours' illness, during the greater part of which time he remained unconscious, he had died in her arms, at dawn of this very day, and the young widow's heart was heavy within her.

"You see," she had confided, with a break in her soft, low voice, to a sympathising acquaintance, "Neville and I have never had a single quarrel, not even a 'tiff,' during the eight years of our married life. We have always been just like lovers. And now he has gone—gone for ever, and ever, and ever! Oh, what is to become of me! I cannot live without him!"

Her gesture of despair was almost childish in its futile rebellion as she cried aloud to the dead who could not hear or heed—

"Oh, Neville, I can't bear it. Come back to me, darling, come back, come back!"

The funeral, it had been arranged, was to take place on the morrow. The apartment in which the widow sat was one of a house that was reckoned to be the prettiest, if not the finest, in Simla—a real Indian room, cool and dim, with the artificial dusk of drawn outside blinds and swaying punkahs. The task of sorting and arranging the papers was all but accomplished. The tin boxes, pigeonholes, shelves, and drawers were emptied of their contents.

The waste-paper basket on the floor was already full to overflowing. Order was established where confusion had been. The young widow, Christine Bellairs, leaned back with a sigh of profound relief. No—stay; there was still one drawer she had not examined. She could not open it: it was locked. That surprised her. Neville Bellairs never could bear the bother of keys. An open-handed, open-hearted fellow, generous to a fault, careless, easy-tempered—the last man in the world to have a secret. A secret—and from her! Nina, sad as she was, felt almost inclined to laugh at the idea.

When, at length, she succeeded in finding a key to fit the drawer, she opened it without a thrill of curiosity. The first thing she came upon was a roll of newspaper cuttings. These she laid aside. Underneath she found a packet of letters, tied together with a wisp of woman's hair—red hair. Nina's pallor became suffused with a wave of crimson that dyed her face from brow to chin, and then departed, leaving her paler than before. Her fingers trembled as she unfastened the knotted mesh of woman's hair that bound up the little bundle. A ball programme fell to the floor when she opened it. She stooped to pick it up. It bore the date of the previous March. It was now December. Most of the "blanks" for waltzes were filled up with the initials "I. W."

"Ah!"

The involuntary exclamation escaped her lips like a cry of one suddenly wounded. I. W.—Irene Wolfe—her bosom friend. One moment she paused. The pallor of her face gave it an awful look of resemblance to the lifeless countenance of the dead man on the bed. She drew a very deep breath that ended in a gasp. Then she took the loosened letters in her hands—they no longer shook—and selecting one, the first that came, she straightened out the crumpled folds, and read it from beginning to end. And this is what she read—

"MY OWN DEAR NEVILLE,—I hoped to have seen you yesterday, but I suppose circumstances hindered you from coming to the rendezvous. If only you lived alone, how simple it all would be! Oh, Neville, my life, with all its luxury and so-called success, would indeed be colourless without the secret consciousness of all you have been and are to me! Your love is the glory and pride of my existence. . . . Can I ever forget the thrill of rapture unutterable that went through me that evening under the stars at the Ollivers' mask ball? Do you remember, dearest, when you whispered, 'Irene, I love you; we were made for one another. I do but claim my own'? The world, with all the people in it, seemed to melt away around me, leaving you and me alone in a land of shadows, in which we only lived. The past will compensate for anything the future may hold in store for me of sorrow, or even of shame. As Schiller says, 'I have tasted the highest

of earthly joys—I have lived and loved.' Do you know, dear Neville, it is just five years since first we met?—and, since then, one unbroken link of secret sympathy and mutual passion . . ."

She had read enough of one letter.

She folded it with as much care as if it were the most precious thing on earth, and, laying it on the table, opened a second. It was much shorter, merely a few lines. It contained a confession such as most women, even the weakest and worst, would have died rather than make.

A curious change came over the widow's face as she read it. All the lovely softness left the eyes and mouth that were meant to be so tender, the features grew flinty, the look of depression departed. The Christine Bellairs that had been was dead, as surely dead as the husband she had loved so blindly and so well. The new Christine Bellairs was quite a different sort of person. She rose, moved round the table to the bed, closed the curtains and her eyes at the same time, as if to shut out the sight of the face that in life had seemed to her like the face of a god. The letters—she did not spare herself, she read them all—were carefully re-folded, tied together, and replaced under lock-and-key in the drawer where she had found them.

The following day, the day of the funeral, dawned misty and oppressive. Thermometer 82° in the shade. Even old Anglo-Indians



She took the loosened letters in her hands.

complained of the heat. The funeral was to take place at early morn. The Wolfes were chief mourners.

Mrs. Wolfe, a splendidly handsome brunette, "*aux yeux de feu, aux lèvres de flamme*," clasped her friend in her arms, and wept tears—real tears—over the dead man's coffin, wondering not a little within herself how it was that his widow, who was supposed to have loved him so well, wept not at all.

Gerard Wolfe, a great, big, good-looking fellow, with a fine, strong face—strong almost to sternness—grasped Christine Bellairs' little, cold white fingers in his own and blurted out, British-like, gruff in his grief—

"Is there anything I can do for you, Mrs. Bellairs? If so, you won't hesitate to tell me, please. I can't believe he's gone! It seems impossible. Irene was such a tremendous friend of his, you know. She thought, we both thought, there was nobody like him—the handsomest man in Simla. She was quite overwhelmed with the shock when the news reached us—cried all night."

The widow looked up into his pleasant, manly face. She didn't like the thought of hurting him. She guessed how one so strong could suffer. Should she have pity and forgive? No, no, a thousand times no. In sparing him she must spare the wife:

But for two lines in the second of those fatal letters she might have, perhaps, been willing to pardon. But as it was, knowing what she did—no, once for all, no! And she knew that she could trust Gerard Wolfe with his false wife's retribution. He would not spare her. Christine felt sure of that, notwithstanding his debonair aspect and boyish smile.

After the funeral was over, Mrs. Wolfe, too upset by the sad ceremony to stand any more, returned home to her own house, leaving her husband with the dead man's widow. It was Irene Wolfe, however, who looked the more like a widow of the two. The anguish in her eyes was pitiable to behold. Her love for the dead man had not been buried with him.

"No, thanks; I will not come in—that is, unless you wish me

particularly to do so," said Gerard Wolfe quietly, as they reached the entrance to the Bellairs' pretty, picturesque abode. He thought she would, perhaps, prefer to be alone in this first hour of her bereavement.

"I do wish you to come in," she answered in a grave, slow voice: each word seemed weighted with lead. "I have something to say—a communication of grave importance to make to you."

Her strange, fixed look startled, almost frightened him. Was it grief that had hardened her sweet little face and made it so stony? Obedient to her behest, he followed her upstairs into the cool, artistically-arranged drawing-room, where he had spent so many happy hours with his wife and the Neville Bellairs.

"I must leave you for a moment," she said in the same lifeless sort of voice, as she stood in the doorway. "I shall not keep you long waiting."

Gerard Wolfe, left alone, walked to the window and looked out at the Indian garden. He then turned, and slowly made a tour of the apartment, till he came to a standstill in front of a large portrait—the portrait of Neville Bellairs. The artist had succeeded admirably in catching the careless, frank expression of the handsome dark face, with the finely-chiselled features, the rather sensuous mouth, and the brilliant, speaking eyes—wonderful eyes, of an intensely vivid blue, that seemed to be a sort of heritage in the Bellairs family. "What a splendid fellow he was! And to think he's gone! Well, well! I lost a good and true friend when he died."

As this thought drove itself home with sufficient force to dim his vision, the door opened behind him. He turned, and advanced to meet his dead friend's widow. At sight of her face he drew a deep breath.



The widow sank on to the sofa.

That she should be pale was natural, but the pallor was corpse-like, the light in her great eyes was akin to madness. In her hand she held a packet of letters. For a moment she stood before him—rigid, motionless. There yet was time for mercy; the irrevocable words had not yet been spoken, but mercy and Christine Bellairs were miles, leagues apart.

She was one of those clinging, tender sort of women, soft as wax till something hardens them, and then—steel and marble, implacable.

She had no intention of sparing him or herself. "I am grieved to pain and hurt you," she began; "I, too, have suffered—am suffering."

Her voice sank lower and lower.

"My heart is—no, not broken—it is dead within me. For eight years I had absolute faith in my husband. I loved him with all my strength, and I believed in the sincerity of his love for me. By chance—since he died—yesterday—I found out that for five out of the eight his passion for me was a pretence, his love one long lie. Oh!" she cried, throwing up both her arms in a superb gesture of despair, "what sort of a world is this world we live in that such black infamy is possible! Oh! that woman—but she isn't a woman; she is a—"

"What woman?" broke in Gerard Wolfe, vaguely alarmed, touching the widow's arm.

"Irene Wolfe! Your wife!"

"What do you say? Take care!" he cried hoarsely, almost menacingly. "My wife is—"

"Your wife!"—Christine Bellairs laughed loudly, discordantly. Her small-featured face had the hardness of flint. She shot out her soft, full lips in derision—"Do you know what your wife is—was? Your beautiful, proud, unapproachable, iceberg Irene, my bosom friend! She was my husband's mistress!"

For a moment they stood silent, looking into each other's eyes.

"It is not true! It is a—"

"But it is true! All cruel, bitter things are true, it seems to me. Read your wife's letters. I found them among my husband's private papers after his death. Not a single, thoughtless act—not a moment's passionate impulse. Oh, no; but five long years' infidelity. Clever actors, were they not? Sustained their parts well! And you—and I—

a pair of dupes! Blind, credulous fools the two of us! How they must have laughed! Ha! ha! ha! It almost makes me laugh. It's like a scene out of a modern French novel—a cynical novel, in which everyone is wicked and everyone laughs at everything. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Don't! don't! Mrs. Bellairs. I can't bear to hear you laugh like that. What will the servants think if they hear you?"

The widow sank on to the sofa. Gerard Wolfe stretched out trembling hands and took the letters. His kindly, pleasant face wore a dazed expression as he moved a few steps away and dropped into a chair by the table. His fingers shook so violently, it was all he could do to unfold the letters. The first he opened he read from beginning to end without missing a word. It was signed in full, "Irene Wolfe," and convicted the writer beyond appeal, breathing, as it did, adultery in every line.

At length he rose to his feet, staggered to the door like a drunkard, cramming the letters, all crumpled up, into his pocket as he went.

"I cannot stay," he said huskily, without turning round; "I must go—out into the air—away. I can't breathe—excuse me. I must have time to—to realise— It is so—so—awful! God help you—help us both!"

A moment more and he was gone. The widow's dry eyes followed his retreating figure with a fierce, mute question. What would he do to his wife? Would he kill her?

The divorce of "Wolfe v. Wolfe" created a tremendous sensation even in Simla, where sensations require to be very strong to stir the languid pulse of the Anglo-Indian to excitement pitch; but a big murder, coming on the top of it, soon drove the passionate drama from the public mind.

Gerard Wolfe left India and returned to his native land. The widow of Neville Bellairs likewise vanished about the same time. Great and genuine was the surprise of the World—the World that is written with a capital letter—when Gerard Wolfe reappeared in London two years later—re-married.

Whom had he chosen for his second wife? Christine Bellairs, the widow of his first wife's dead co-respondent!

Society seemed inclined at first to slam its doors in the face of the daring couple.

The fact of it was their position was unique. However, after some hesitation and some conventional qualms, curiosity carried the point.

Of course, the World called its indulgence by the fine old name of Charity. Everyone felt curious to see the woman who had revenged herself in such a "finished" fashion. Christine Wolfe became the "rage." Society, inclined to be shocked, thought better of it. The Wolfes were enormously rich and very hospitable. They gave the best dinners of the season, and a clever menu covers a multitude of sins.

What had become of Irene Wolfe? What becomes of all the divorced women let loose upon the world?

Go and look for her at Trouville, Brussels, Monte Carlo. And Christine, whose revenge had been so terrible and complete, who had not only driven her enemy from home and position, but had taken the place of the guilty cast-off wife—was she satisfied?

"The lovely Mrs. Wolfe," as she was called—serene, careless, always *en évidence* at every fashionable crush—was she happy?

Never, never, not for a single hour. How could she be, when Nemesis looked at her every day from the brilliantly-blue eyes of her second husband's youngest son, Neville Wolfe?

"I believe that child has the gift of divination," she would say within herself at times, in a fury of despair. In spite of all her efforts to win the boy's affection, he—little more than a baby—fled in absolute terror at her approach. Gerard Wolfe noticed nothing.



Photo by Gerald Grey, Clifton.

BEACH SCENE, BOULOGNE.

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A TALK AT MESSRS. BRINSMEAD AND SONS'.

Lately, a friend of mine has been using highly-decorated language about pianos. Three years ago he bought a cheap German instrument. The makers were stated to be pianoforte manufacturers to some Teutonic Court—it was said that every pianist of note refuses to play on any other



Photo by Walery, Regent Street.

MR. JOHN BRINSMEAD.

instrument. The case was gorgeous—perhaps I should say “florid”—and, for no intelligible reason, he got an immense discount, though he is not connected with the musical world in any way, nor even a newspaper man. Now, alas! the “handsome brass sconces” have turned black, the keys prove to be of some composition at which an elephant would turn up his trunk, the veneer shows cracks and a tendency to peel off, the soft pedal acts capriciously—if it is tuned to-day, it is out of tune again to-morrow—while the actual sounds that come from it are a gloomy hollow growl in the bass and an irrelevant tinkling in the treble: it reminds one somewhat of a fife-and-drum band, but is even more painful. His wife says that when she practises on it she puts cotton wool in her ears, and the cocks and hens in the back garden place their heads under their wings in order to deaden the sound.

“Why don't you go to an English maker and pay a decent price?” I asked.

A few days ago I met him, and he said he had been to Brinsmead's, and thought he had got what he wanted, so I went to their splendid new place to have a talk with the firm about pianos.

If you have the pleasure of a chat with Mr. John Brinsmead and his sons Edgar and Thomas, you will come away with the feeling that you know how the reputation of articles “manufactured in England” arose. They will give the strongest possible impression of energy, intelligence, and honesty, and, whatever may be your fad about particular tone or touch in pianos, you will be confident that in their house work is not scamped, nor are any materials save the best in use.

It was with Mr. Edgar that I chiefly talked.

“How long have you been making pianos?” I asked.

“My father started our business in 1836. He was then twenty-two years of age, so, consequently—”

“Consequently, now he is eighty years old, and a more active, energetic, jolly old gentleman I've never met.”

“He strolls to the business still; in fact, he comes to work every day, and keeps thoroughly abreast of the times, taking the liveliest interest in every development of our business and every new idea in piano-making.”

“How many pianos do you turn out in the year, and what is the world's output?” I asked.

“Well, ours varies somewhat; but you might say 2000. Any figures I give you are but approximate; but you may state that the annual output of London—very few English pianos are made outside the Metropolis—is 35,000. It is semi-officially asserted that Germany makes 73,000—probably that is an over-estimate—for France, say 20,000, and for the United States 25,000. Of course, some are made in Italy, Spain, and other countries.”

“How about the German pianos?”

“Oh, some, of course, are really good instruments; but, still, it is the ‘manufactured in Germany’ that floods our markets, though it is getting driven out of the field. You're glad to hear it? Yes; but, unfortunately, trash is not made in Germany only, and the public have not grasped the fact that there is a minimum price for a good piano, and that anything sold below it must result in a loss to the seller or else to the purchaser. You see, pianos cannot be made cheap. For different parts we require different woods, and almost every country contributes: cheap substitutes are inefficient. Moreover, the wood must be seasoned, and that takes three to five years. You can see that the loss of interest on a stock of 750,000 feet, such as ours, while it is being seasoned is a serious matter; but if, in order to make cheap goods, imperfectly-seasoned wood is used the result is disastrous.”

“Were the Germans the first in the field with the cheap and nasty pianos?” I inquired.

“By no means; the French were the invaders, then the Germans cut them out, and now—”

“And now we are making our rubbish at home instead of importing it. I don't know whether to be sorry or glad. I used to have theories, second-hand, about political economy and Free Trade, but it seems as if it might be a gain to impose a protective tax on foreign pianos whose non-ornamental parts were below a certain value. Yes, I should impose it as a matter of art, not economy; the result would not merely be an extra profit to you, gentlemen, but, what is more important, an improvement in the ears of the British public.”

“We should hardly oppose such a measure.”

“How about the artistic aspect of the piano: have you made efforts to improve the appearance of the ‘meat safe,’ as jesters call it?”

“Yes, many; in fact, our efforts are unceasing. The results? Of course, it's difficult for one to speak,” answered Mr. Edgar.

I knew, of course, that he referred to the fact that an attack of rheumatic fever has rendered his eyes almost useless. The disaster has



Photo by Bedford Lemere, Strand.

PIANO PRESENTED TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK BY MESSRS. J. BRINSMEAD AND SONS.

not sensibly affected his character. He is lively and good-natured as ever, works hard, and has even contrived to write a "History of the Pianoforte," which has got beyond the thirtieth thousand. Indeed, one could not meet a brighter, more intelligent man of business.

"We have tried," he said, "to revive the famous 'Vernis Martin,' and our 'Vernis Royal,' which Mr. Brown has used decoratively, has



Photo by G. W. Secretan, Tufnell Park Road, N.

MR. THOMAS BRINSMEAD.

a charming effect—indeed, it perhaps rivals the original. You will find in our album a photograph of a piano decorated by him."

I looked through the album, and admired the photograph.

"What is this queer thing?" I asked.

"A piano we made for General Mite, who, of course, could not use one of full size. The keyboard was only twenty inches, and the depth



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. EDGAR BRINSMEAD.

but a foot. The tone was very good, considering the size, and it was completely finished as a practicable instrument. Do you remember the General?"

"He was a mannikin exhibited with Tom Thumb and Miss Minnie Warren. I remember seeing them when I was a little boy, and refusing

to kiss Miss Warren—it was the only time in an eventful career that I have declined to kiss a lady not related to me; but there were too many people looking on."

"That one," he remarked, "we made for the wedding of Princess May. It is on harpsichord lines, which give greater scope to the decorator. No; I don't say that the question of form in pianos has yet been solved, although we have spent a great deal of money in attempting the solution."

"Has the mechanism of the piano yet reached perfection? Oh! I know that, with your patent system of wrest-pin and plank and your check-repeater action, you claim to have reached the ideal—at least, in some directions."

"Of course, further improvements are possible, and we are always trying to make them. For instance, the *sostenente* mechanism, some day, will be vastly developed, and the breaks caused by the cross-stringing will be got rid of; in fact, we have really accomplished that already. Pitch? Really, I think we'd better not go into that thorny subject. Look here at these three tuning-forks—the Philharmonic, 540 vibrations; the Continental, 517; the medium, 530. The Philharmonic is about a semitone higher than the pitch used down to Beethoven's day, and now used abroad. The wind instruments have done the damage."

"I have been told," I remarked, "that Sims Reeves has two pianos on the concert platform, one three-quarters of a tone lower than the other, and that they are used according to the state of his voice."

"May I ask who told you so? Is it true? You must not ask me."

After this I left Mr. Edgar, and wandered over their handsome buildings. I inspected the fine new concert-room, which has acoustic qualities that are surprisingly good. How many pianos I tried and found wanted, I cannot say; nor do I remember the exact number of the numerous medals and awards of merit that I saw. Among them is the Cross of the Legion of Honour, conferred on Mr. John Brinsmead at the



GENERAL MITE'S PIANO.

Paris International Exhibition of 1878. The pianos made for hot countries and those built for the P. & O. service and other steamship lines excited my admiration by their solidity and strength. It is no business of mine to give a testimonial to the work of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, and it would be of little value if I gave one, so I will conclude by saying that they seem to do all that lies within the power of brains, capital, and industry to improve "the orchestra of the drawing-room," the musical instrument which, although invented by an Italian, Cristofori or Cristofali, of Padua, has reached its present state of almost perfection chiefly through the inventive genius of our countrymen.—MONOCLE.

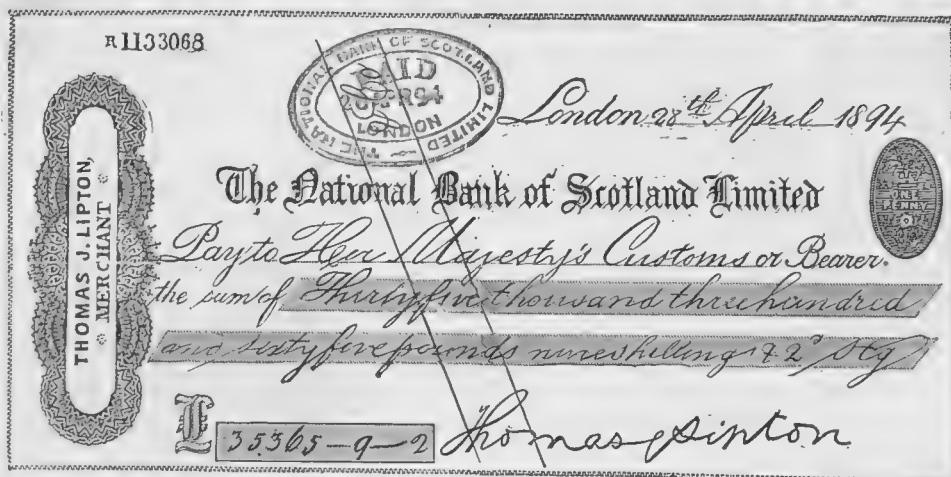
MUSIC.

Programmes for concerts on the 19th fell thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. At Princes' Hall I spent part of the evening listening to classical music interpreted by Mr. Ernest Fowles. His admirable programme commenced with Hiller's Duo in G minor for two pianofortes, followed by Schumann's "Carnaval," brilliantly played, and we had songs by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel. I hope there will be generous support of the reasonable appeal by Mr. Fowles for his scheme of chamber-music concerts, which is interesting to many eminent musicians. Then I hied away to St. Martin's Hall, where the programme was a complete contrast. Mr. Alfred Capper's artistic friends of all degrees had rallied round him in such numbers that they kept the ball of entertainment rolling until midnight. Among the many items, Miss Mabel Berrey's singing greatly pleased me. I noticed in the audience Mr. Watkin Mills, who has just come back from America, looking extremely well. The Rev. Arthur W. Robins was a cheerful chairman for part of the evening. He said that as the Marquis of Tullibardine and Lord Skelmersdale were making observations on the British race elsewhere—Ascot—Mr. Capper had made him (Mr. Robins) a-Peer. This sally amused everybody. At Steinway Hall, Miss Louise M. Dale was the chief vocal attraction.

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"In truth, Mariani Wine is perfect; gives us health, drives away the blues, and is of such excellent quality that whoever tastes it might almost desire to be for ever debilitated and depressed, thus to have a pretext to drink it."

VICTORIEN SARDOU.



"I can certainly add my testimony to the virtues of Mariani Wine, which I have found excellent, and am well convinced of its quality."

HENRY IRVING.



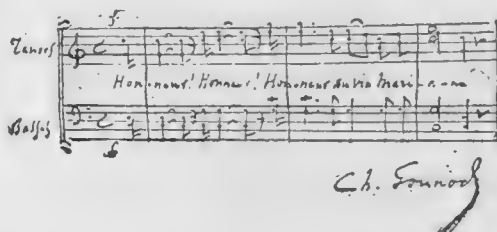
"... The Elixir of Life, which combats human debility, the one real cause of every ill—a veritable scientific fountain of youth, which, in giving vigour, health, and energy, would create an entirely new and superior race."

EMILE ZOLA.



CHARLES GOUNOD.

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Perhaps the most notable doing in the world of cricket during the past week was the bowling of Richardson, when he captured all the ten Essex wickets in one innings for 45 runs. What made the performance the more remarkable was the fact that the bowler received little or no assistance from the wicket, which was not very far from being perfect.

Although such a performance as Richardson's is comparatively rare in first-class cricket, it by no means stands alone. The following are instances in which ten wickets have fallen to one bowler—

NAME.	FOR.	AGAINST.	DATE.
Hinckley, E. ...	Kent ...	England ...	1848
Wisden, J. ...	North ...	South ...	1850
Walker, V. E. ...	England ...	Surrey ...	1859
Walker, V. E. ...	Gentlemen of Middlesex ...	Gentlemen of Kent ...	1864
Walker, V. E. ...	Middlesex ...	Lancashire ...	1865
Grace, E. M. ...	M.C.C. ...	Gentlemen of Kent ...	1862
Wootton, G. ...	All England ...	Yorkshire ...	1865
Hickton, W. ...	Lancashire ...	Hampshire ...	1870
Shaw, J. C. ...	Notts ...	England ...	1870
Butler, S. E. ...	Oxford ...	Cambridge ...	1871
Lillywhite, J. ...	South ...	North ...	1872
Shaw, A. ...	M.C.C. and Ground ...	North ...	1874
Barratt, E. ...	Players ...	Australians ...	1878
Giffen, G. ...	Australians ...	Combined Australia ...	1884
Grace, W. G. ...	M.C.C. and Ground ...	Oxford University ...	1886
Burton ...	Middlesex ...	Surrey ...	1888
Woods, S. M. J. ...	Cambridge University ...	Mr. C. I. Thornton's Eleven ...	1890
Richardson ...	Surrey ...	Essex ...	1894

Up to date, wickets have been mainly in favour of the bowlers; but whenever the batsmen do get a chance there appears to be no falling off in run-getting ability. Following on the poor show by Essex, Surrey knocked up 438 runs. In this innings Brockwell played magnificently for 108, and D. L. A. Jephson has never been seen to greater advantage than in his well-played innings of 94 (not out). On the same day Wainwright, of Yorkshire, knocked up 107 against Warwickshire bowling; while A. E. Stoddart, playing for the Gentlemen of England against Notts, had the good fortune to score 148.

Several good matches begin in London to-morrow. At the Oval, Surrey will meet Sussex. Last season the seaside county had a splendid win over the ex-champions, but the probability of the visitors being able to repeat their win is very remote. Yorkshire, after their big fight with Surrey, travel down to Leyton, where they meet Essex. As a rule, Yorkshire do not show their best form against second-class counties. But I apologise. Essex are no longer second-class, and, perhaps, for this very reason they may be defeated. Kent continue their Tonbridge week with a match against Lancashire.

It will be remembered that the hop county defeated Lancashire at the first time of asking this season, but there is no saying how the game will go on the second occasion. Lancashire wants a bit of stiffening up in the batting department.

Next Monday the Battle of the Blues, when many fair women and brave men will make more beautiful still the picturesque ground of Lord's at St. John's Wood. So far as one can see, there is but very little to choose between the rival 'Varsities this season. If anything, Cambridge appears to have an advantage in batting, with such men as Perkins, Mitchell, Latham, Brunton, and Druce. But when one comes to look for their bowlers the task becomes difficult: Grey appears to be the only trundler of any class among the Light Blues. Oxford, on the other hand, have a fair bowling side, and do not lack for one or two good bats. R. Palaret has proved himself a perfect miracle on a sticky wicket this season. His 86 against Notts, following his fine score against Lancashire, stamps him as a first-class batsman. C. B. Fry is not batting quite so well this season, but Mordaunt and Phillips are not unlikely to get runs. In Bardswell the Dark Blues have a splendid first-class bowler, who may receive assistance from Arkwright, Raikes, and Forbes. There is no doubt that on a wet or sticky wicket Oxford are likely to start favourites, but if the ground be hard and dry Cambridge will, at least, stand an equal chance.

GOLF.

One hears of nothing but challenge cup competitions. After three days' play, the Borough of Deal Handicap competition was decided over the Cinque Ports Club Links, with the result that C. E. Hambro constituted himself first holder by defeating W. E. Dunsford, of the Westward Ho, by two holes up and one to play.

By-the-way, Taylor, of Winchester, and Rolland must be very equally matched, for, although the former won the open competition at Sandwich, he was beaten at the end of the week by Rolland in the Amateur v. Professional competition. Later still, A. Heard, of Huddersfield, beat both of them. A triangular duel between those three over one of our best links would provide splendid sport. At the present time it seems a mere toss-up as to which is the best man.

Have you seen Couston's permanent golf register? It is an ingenious device for marking without either pen or pencil. All your figures are ready made, and only require your endorsement with a pin. The register is small enough to slip into a ticket-pocket, it does not smudge, and the record gives you an instantaneous account of steadiness or otherwise in play.

AQUATICS.

There is every probability of two Cambridge crews taking part in the Henley Regatta this season. Their Trinity Hall Eight are strongly fancied by some for the Grand, while First Trinity are to make an attempt to capture the Ladies' Plate.

Guy Nickalls appears to have made up his mind to make a big splash at Henley this season. He will not form one of the Leander Eight or Four, but will reserve himself for the Diamonds and Goblets. There can hardly be any doubt that Ryan, the Canadian, will prove Guy Nickalls's toughest opponent in the Diamonds; while the Goblets will probably resolve itself into a duel between the brothers Nickalls and the Canadian pair, Ryan and Wright.

LAWN-TENNIS.

If we are to judge from W. Baddeley's defeat of J. Pim in the Northern championships, the former is playing as strong a game as ever. This is the second time he has defeated Pim this season, and everything gives promise of a battle royal between the two when they meet, as they are very likely to do, in the All England championship at Wimbledon. By-the-way, speaking of Pim and Baddeley, I often hear it stated that tall people have a great advantage in playing lawn-tennis. If we are to judge from the great players of the game, this is certainly not the case. W. Baddeley, as well as his brother, is a particularly diminutive man. Pim is probably under middle height, and the brothers Renshaw certainly do not exceed 5 ft. 9 in. Lawford is really the only tall man who has ever won a championship, while among the best of the tall men who have tried without succeeding are Barlow, Chipp, Mahoney, and, perhaps, Stoker.

ATHLETICS.

The University cricket match will scarcely have been decided when the Oxford students, according to special arrangements with Yale University, will meet their powerful contingent of athletes at Queen's Club. This great match takes place on Monday, July 16, when the programme will include flat races (one mile, half-mile, quarter-mile, 100 yards), hurdle race (120 yards, ten flights), broad jump, high jump, putting the weight (16 lb.), throwing the hammer (16 lb., total length 3 ft. 6 in.). The pavilion will be reserved for members, and Stand "A" for their friends.

Next Saturday, at Kensal Rise, the ten-mile championship of the London Centre of the N.C.U. will be decided, and, as in the case of the recent Herne Hill contest, over the same distance, when A. J. Watson broke all existing records, pace-makers will again be utilised.

OLYMPIAN.

AN EXAMINATION IN PROGRESS.

Nearly all of us have endured examinations in some form and at some age or other. The dull duties of a "watcher" are not, perhaps, so familiar; but, after reading the thrilling narrative of one in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the other day, even the examined boys must feel a pity for this unhappy mortal. So monotonous became his task (or absence of task), aggravated as it was by the repeated query, "How goes it?" from a fellow-watcher, that at last he whiled away the time with a game of paper-cricket. If any



Photo by S. B. Rolas and Co., Creed Lane, E.C.

A SCIENCE AND ARTS EXAMINATION IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

boy undergoing the solemn torture of an "exam." has ever envied the robed figure who watches all his movements with a jealous eye as to cribbing or copying, let him reflect that his superior has trying moments as well as himself. The story goes that an examiner once noticed suspicious glancing on the part of a young man at a card he repeatedly took from his pocket. On tip-toe he approached him, with a gleam of coming victory in his eye, only to discover that it was the portrait of a lady on whom his gaze so often was fixed.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Deceased Wife's Sister has paid us her annual visit. She has called in at the House of Lords, and has been dismissed by the narrow, but sufficient, majority of nine, and the foundations of society and morality are safe for another year. The stale, old arguments have been produced in favour of change in the law, to be met by the even more mouldy rejoinders, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has delivered himself of remarks about as sensible as those of his intellectual granddaughter, Dodo, but a good deal less entertaining.

Fortunately, the Mosaic law was given a rest, and wisely, for people are coming now to understand that the customs that were best for ancient Semitic society are not necessarily binding on modern European nations. And even if Moses forbade the Israelites to marry sisters in succession—which seems a doubtful translation—there is no doubt that he required a man, in certain contingencies, to marry his brother's widow. This is obviously a survival from the old days of polyandry; but it leaves the Mosaic law anomalous enough, if that code bars marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

However, our Bishops take their stand on the logical completeness of the table of marriages as it stands. The persons whom a man may not marry are related in the same degree either to himself or his wife. Affinity is taken as equivalent to blood-relationship, and there you are. Only it is not quite that. Your sister-in-law is the same as your sister, but your brother's sister-in-law is not the same as your sister-in-law or your sister, though she is your brother's sister. The Greek Church is more logical here; it—or, I believe, one ought to write she, a Church being regarded as feminine—prohibits two brothers from marrying two sisters. In England, such a pair of alliances is perfectly legal. Hence, if we adopt algebraical symbols, let a = affinity, b = blood-relationship; then $a = b$, or a man may not marry his deceased wife's sister any more than his own sister. Therefore, $ab = a^2$, or the sister-in-law of a brother is equivalent to the sister of a brother—that is, to a sister, and two brothers may not marry two sisters. But two brothers may marry two sisters. Which is absurd.

The Mosaic rule on the point, if any, is somewhat shaky. Remains the Church. The Church has always regarded affinity as equivalent to blood-relationship, and has for a good many centuries forbidden marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Very possibly. The Church has also, at times, with much more reason, forbidden first cousins to marry; has, with no reason beyond a fanciful analogy, forbidden persons connected by the "spiritual affinity" of sponsorship to the same child to marry; has, at times, multiplied prohibited degrees, so as to make them a source of power and profit, a potent means of annoyance, and a most efficient substitute for the divorce which was—nominally—not allowed. "The Church" in England has a sort of notion that it does not allow divorce even now, and clings to the doctrine that relationship by marriage is the same thing as relationship by blood: in a word, the Church holds that marriage is what nobody doubts it ought to be, and lays down rules on that hypothesis. Of course, these rules are logical deductions from the assumptions with which the Church starts; but what do the assumptions stand on?

Now, the State, unluckily, has to consider things as they are, not as they ought to be, and the State must prohibit a marriage, if at all, on physiological or social grounds. If a particular species of alliance causes the race to deteriorate, or disturbs and corrupts family and social relations, it should be forbidden by law. But the marriage of blood relations does tend to impair the breed of men and to cause confusion; it is, therefore, generally forbidden within limits that are rather too narrow than too wide. Against marriage with cousins the physiological objection exists, but varies in strength; the social objection is slight. Against the deceased wife's sister science has nothing to say; the objection must be social or religious. And the social objection comes to this: that, so long as a lady may not marry her widower brother-in-law, she can take charge of his household without exciting comment; whereas, if she may legally marry him, she must either do so or incur the worst suspicions should she take charge of his children. In other words, if a man and a woman are brought together a good deal, and cannot legally marry, their conduct will be blameless; but if they can marry and do not, they must be supposed to have illicit relations. The ecclesiastical view of the question seems to rest on two doctrines: first, that marriage is always what it ought to be, and, secondly, that unmarried or widowed persons are always what they ought not to be.

No doubt, the Archbishop's elephant stands firmly and logically on his tortoise; but what does the tortoise stand on? MARMITON.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

Sledge Dogs.

It seems that for the Wellman Expedition a number of Belgian dogs were obtained, of which some died before the expedition left Nomsö. A worse choice, I should say, could scarcely have been made. Everyone knows the Belgian dog, which pulls the little carts about the streets of Antwerp and Amsterdam, a dog absolutely unaccustomed to the climate and the work he would have to face in the Arctic. Why will people try experiments in such serious undertakings—experiments, further, based upon no sound reasoning? In the Esquimaux dog, whether the type be of Greenland, or North America, or of Siberia, you have a creature admirably adapted, both by training and inheritance, for the quality of the work to be done. These dogs are practically untiring, and, what is more, they will work on the very smallest minimum of food. An instance is on record where the dogs, when fed after a fast of eight days, were quite ready to go on with the sleighs.

My First Bear

You ask me, "What do you feel like when you first meet a bear?" Well, I know the books give you marvellous accounts of the furious monster and of the unflinching coolness, daring, and resource that enable the hunter to meet and defeat it. All I can say is—well, I won't say; but just listen. It was up in the North-West Territory—"The Territory," as they call it there. We had been after moose, and had done very well with them—so much so, that it was becoming rather a puzzle to know what to do with the heads. But I wanted badly to kill a bear. We saw evidences of them almost every day. Here a bear had been sharpening his claws against a tree-trunk, rearing himself up on his hind-legs and tearing off great strips of bark. Here, again, a bear had been digging up roots and honeycomb, grubbing as a pig grubs with his snout. I was always fidgeting Paupukhi, the Cree, about it; but he would not take it up. "The bears," he said, "were travelling; if we came on one by chance, well and good; but to try and hunt one down was simply waste of time." Well, you may imagine how I prayed every morning for that chance. At last it came.

Makes His Appearance.

We were nearing camp one evening, about an hour before the sun went down. Suddenly we came upon an absolutely fresh bear-track. He had been rooting, as usual, and the up-turned earth had not begun to turn dry. From other unmistakable signs it was pretty clear the bear was in the bush just in front. "*Tehch m'quah*"—a big bear—said the Cree, below his breath, and, describing a circle with his hand, he slipped away and left me standing alone. For half an hour, at least, I waited, and, I give you my word, I don't believe I heard a sound. I began to wonder if Paupukhi had run away and left me to find my own way back. But at last I felt that something was coming through the scrub. Very gradually there grew a sound of something brushing against the bushes, and the snap of a twig or two muffled under a big paw. It was very much like waiting for a rabbit to bolt, only more intense. Nearer and nearer drew the sound—marvellously slight for so large an animal—until it was just possible to make out something dark moving in the scrub. And then, right out into the open, walked a splendid bear.

The Death.

I was standing no more than twenty paces off, but the wind was in my face, and, apparently, he neither saw nor smelt the foe in front. No sooner was he clear of the scrub than he turned half round and looked right back over his shoulder into the bush. It was, of course, my chance. Just as I was about to fire at his shoulder, there came into my head this advice of an old Arctic hunter, "Unless you can see a bear's chest, always take him in the neck." I did it. With a queer, half-smothered, snarling sound, he rose for a moment on his hind-legs, and beat the air with his paws; then, swinging over, he headed straight into the bush. With the intention of hitting him between the shoulders, I sent, as he vanished, a second shot after him—over his back. As I followed up to learn the result, suddenly, close at hand, I heard a shot. A turn in the track brought me unexpectedly face to face with Paupukhi, his gun still smoking at the muzzle and the bear lying dead. With a smile of satisfaction, the Cree pointed from himself to the bear—he had slain his enemy, *m'quah*.

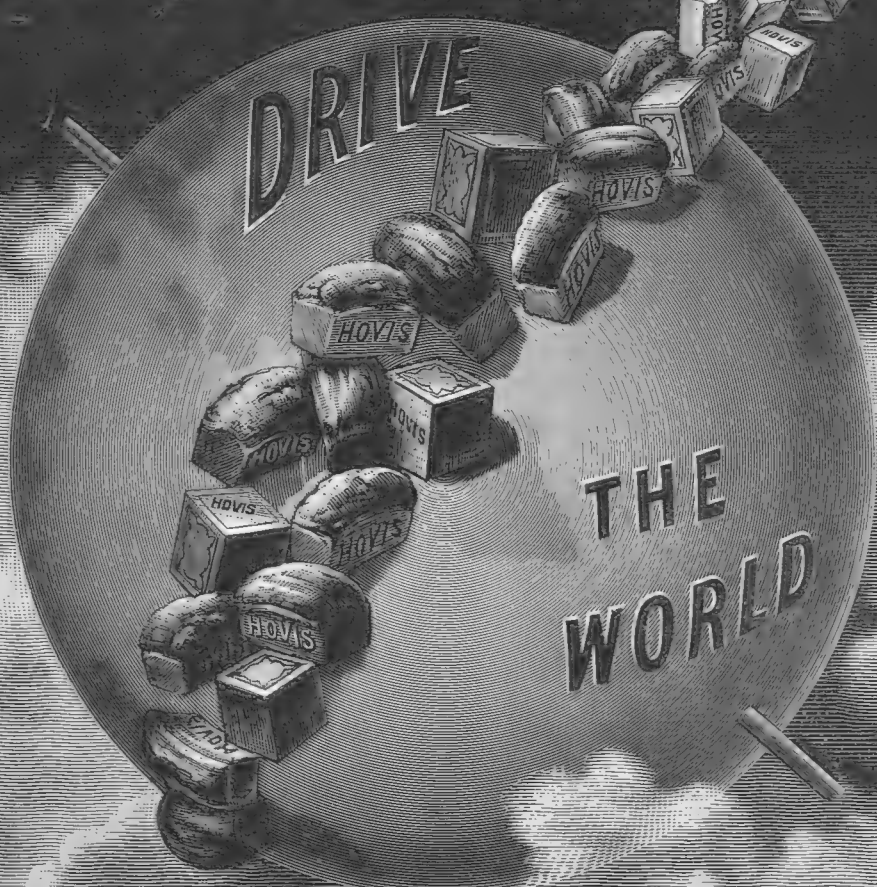

A Disclosure.

The next day we skinned it, taking with us back to camp head, feet, hams, and pelt. But, alas for Paupukhi! the skinning showed us this: only two balls had struck the bear—one in the neck, smashing a spine of the vertebrae, and one just behind the base of the skull. This latter had caused the bear's death. Both these were expanding bullets. Where, then, was the round ball from Paupukhi's gun? Why, this had happened, as I afterwards found out: Paupukhi, hearing my shots, and knowing that the bear had faced the open, came gaily along at top speed. Suddenly, rounding a corner, he tumbled right upon the bear! In the surprise of the moment, he jerked up his gun and blazed. So great was his haste that he absolutely missed his object clean, the harmless bullet striking the ground. This, as it happened, mattered little, for *m'quah* was already dead! It all came out afterwards, bit by bit, and mercilessly was the chaff inflicted on the poor Cree by his friends in camp. A redskin's jokes are few and far between; and I suppose that is why they die so hard. At any rate, an evening seldom passed without some allusion to Paupukhi's bear. Even when I left my hunting ground, two months later, the sorry jest was still "going strong."

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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE"

It is rather curious how all the rumours about a dissolution died away. It has been agreed on all sides lately that nothing of the sort should be anticipated till the beginning of next year. Lord Randolph Churchill has gone abroad; Sir John Gorst is following his example. Meanwhile, Sir William Harcourt is sadly disappointing the "Democrats," and the Government business is absolutely clogged. The Leeds Conference was a ludicrous affair, which has given not the slightest "spiritual impulse" to the party, and only added another item to the long list of Bills from which it is suffering. If it were not for the general feeling that all the crisis is over, I could not possibly have imagined a situation more obviously pointing to a General Election, especially as the general disapproval of Lord Rosebery as Premier is now confirmed even by those who put him over Sir William Harcourt's head. The retirement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is now looked upon as certain at the end of the session. Altogether, a more hopeless position could hardly be conceived for the once great Liberal party.

THE IRISH QUESTION AGAIN.

It is partly this obvious feebleness on the part of the Government which accounts for the fair majorities they have obtained lately on the Budget and on the Irish debate last week. The Conservatives and Unionists have no particular desire to defeat the Budget, or give Sir William Harcourt a chance of throwing up the cards and going to the country with a cry of "See what they've done with our great democratic reform!" Nor is it in the least necessary to go on demonstrating about the perfectly plain consequences to be anticipated from the sham Home Rule administration on which Mr. Morley prides himself in Ireland. This Government is doomed, and it may get along as well as it can until the inevitable moment of its fall. For fall it must, through internal dissensions. Even the Anti-Parnellites now include a section which asks for a General Election. Their money is probably giving out, and they know that waiting will do them no good. It is only a question of time when they will make common cause with Mr. Redmond, and then the Irish Question will be on us again in the shape of a new land agitation. It will be righteous retribution upon a party of faddists (for Home Rule among Englishmen can be nothing more than a fad) if the great Liberal party has to reintroduce coercion. There was the ghost of coercion flitting in the House all the time that Mr. Morley's policy was discussed last week. "Ireland is quiet," was Mr. Morley's theme, "and my policy is that of Lord Randolph Churchill in 1886. 'Ireland,' said Lord Randolph Churchill, 'was like a horse: it required you to sit firm. Do not job it in the mouth with the bit. Sit firm and do not fidget.'" Fancy Mr. Morley quoting that! It is Unionism pure and unadulterated. Mr. Morley would hardly allow a horse self-government. Hitherto Ireland has not had to be ridden firm by Mr. Morley: his Irish allies have seen to that. But when they revolt, and the old agitation begins, will not Mr. Morley, on his own showing, have to make the law effective, just as Mr. Balfour did? Even last week he had to answer Mr. Redmond's complaints about jury-packing by asking whether it was expected that he should govern Ireland without law at all. I own to feeling some pity for Mr. Morley, who is at last finding out how imperative it was upon the Unionists to sit firm upon Ireland after 1886. He has discovered, too, what good work Mr. Balfour did in the congested districts, and, as Mr. Plunket acknowledged, has been sufficiently nobly inconsistent with his former self to co-operate in making the Congested Districts Board a success. He is trying hard to combine his old pretensions with his new experience, and making a very comical combination of them. "Morley's mile," for instance, is really the height of absurdity. The Chief Secretary admits that meetings to denounce "land-grabbers" are illegal, and must be prohibited; but he allows them to be held one mile away from the farms in question! Mr. Morley defends his action by saying that any other distance could equally be attacked, and that needless interference would only excite public feeling. But, then, he must confess that the "mile" is only a farce, and that he dare not put down an illegal meeting effectively.

VICTORY FOR THE COLONIES.

After a certain amount of petulant opposition, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had to climb down, and accept Sir Richard Webster's amendment exempting Colonials from a double estate duty. It was perfectly certain that he would have to do so; but why did not Sir William find out earlier what was the opinion of our great Colonies on this question? It would have been a very simple thing to do, but the probability is that he simply did not understand the legal effects of his own Bill. Only, what is the use of Lord Rosebery's Imperialism and Federalism, and all that, if his Government can't manage to avoid friction with the Colonies over such a simple matter? The fact is that Lord Rosebery's reputation for discretion in dealing with foreign affairs was made while Mr. Gladstone was his leader, and only depended upon the contrast with everything one would naturally have expected in such company. Now that Lord Rosebery stands on his own legs, he is shown to be a hollow sham. What greater blunder could there have been than the Congo Agreement? Then, too, it would have been quite simple to learn the views of Germany and France before concluding this agreement with the Congo State, instead of which Great Britain has to climb down in deference to their protests afterwards. Nothing could be more undignified, and show how badly Lord Rosebery and Lord Kimberley have bungled.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The situation in the House of Commons has, no doubt, changed considerably during the last few days. The Leaders of both parties deny that there is any arrangement with regard to the business of the session; but leaders have a way of putting themselves in the position in which these denials can be made. Certain it is that we have taken fewer hours to discuss the most important clauses of the Budget Bill than we took days to debate much less vital proposals. We are practically at the end of the series of Estate Duty Clauses, and are not far off the one serious question remaining—the beer and whisky duty. These accomplished, Sir William Harcourt's task is virtually over, and the remainder of the session may be given up to an attempt—doubtful as to success—to pass the Evicted Tenants Bill. I have no doubt something has been surrendered, and two of the Chancellor's concessions, at all events, are considerable. The first is that, in considering the value of agricultural land for the purposes of the estate duty, the valuer has put his maximum at twenty-five years' purchase of the rental. This was Mr. Balfour's suggestion, and the Chancellor accepted it after some demur. I think in this he was quite right; agricultural land is not the gold mine that it used to be in Corn Law days. Great landlords may, some of them, be tolerably hard put to it to pay off the new duties; some of them, indeed, are taking the change badly, others well. I do not fancy, however, that in any case they would be able to evade the law to any considerable extent; they have invoked the help of some very big lawyers to enable them to do so, but the attempt has not succeeded. Already a few of them are proposing to retrench for the purpose of saving their heirs from embarrassment. After all, this is to the good and not to the bad; it is not to anybody's interest that very rich men should get off too lightly. The Budget is felt to be just, and the woes of the Duke of Devonshire will touch very few hearts.

THE CHANCELLOR AND THE COLONIES.

Sir William Harcourt's second concession is of a much more debatable character than his first. The Colonies have been at him to induce him to remit the estate duties on Colonial investments, and Sir William has agreed to deduct from the amount of estate duties payable in this country on Colonial property the duty which it has paid in the Colonies. In a similar way, the Colonies will deduct from the duties they collect from property situated in this country the duty which it has paid under our own Budget. It looks as if the Colonies would gain considerably by this arrangement, and the concession must diminish the amount of money that Sir William would get out of his Budget, and may thus disorganise the revenue. However, as it is quite possible that a Tory Chancellor may be in next year, and very improbable, in any case, that Sir William Harcourt will be the Treasurer, this reflection may not too greatly discomfort a philosopher of a rather cynical turn like Sir William; indeed, the gossip now goes strongly in the direction that this year will be the first and the last of Sir William Harcourt's Leadership. It is said that he will be made an Earl as compensation for his failure to succeed Mr. Gladstone, a failure which he has felt bitterly, and which has caused him a nervous depression that he has hardly attempted to conceal. If he goes, it will be impossible to say off-hand who will be the new Leader. There are three names in everybody's mouth: those of Mr. Morley, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Asquith. Mr. Asquith is thought to be a little too young, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman a little too idle, and Mr. Morley a little too inexperienced as a Parliamentary manager. At present, however, Morley "stock" has gone up in the market, and Mr. Morley is stronger with his party, more popular and more respected than any one of his colleagues. The qualities of a really strong party Leader are so rare and so varied that it is not surprising that one does not often find them combined in the character of one man. Mr. Balfour's growth in position is quite remarkable, his temper during these long and tiresome debates being usually unexceptionable. His health, too, has improved together with his style in speaking.

THE LEAD AT LEEDS.

Meanwhile, one new question has intruded itself upon our path, and threatens to absorb all others. The conference at Leeds is undoubtedly a serious affair. It was practically representative of the whole working force of the Liberal party, and it certainly meant business. It is particularly important, because Lord Rosebery—in one of his speeches, at all events—has directly and unequivocally promised to lay on the table of the House such a Bill as his party requests him to introduce. The Leeds Conference declared for a Bill which abolishes the veto and reduces the House of Lords to a nullity. The Leader specifies that this Bill must be introduced within the life of the present Parliament. If that is so, it will drive every other competitor out of the field: you cannot propose a great constitutional change as a kind of side-dish to a number of no less important but still quite secondary Bills. The House of Lords Bill, therefore, will be like Aaron's rod—it will swallow up all the others. It must be made a basis of an appeal to the country, and on it the election will be fought; but that event is not likely now to take place until the summer of 1895. There seems to be some doubt, however, as to Lord Rosebery's reception of the Leeds mandate; he may think it goes too far, or that, being a Second Chamber man, he does not care to propose a measure which abolishes the power of the Lords while retaining it as a mere constitutional symbol. The situation, then, is far from clear, but I fancy that in the end the Prime Minister will accept his new task and do his best to work it out.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AT ASCOT.

In spite of all our misgivings as to his probable conduct—or, perhaps, by reason thereof—the clerk of the weather softened his heart at the last moment, and treated us to two or three perfect summer days, on which the feminine fair at Ascot could reveal all the glories of their wonderful



THE HON. MRS. FITZWILLIAM.

BARONESS DE STOCKELL.

gowns, and, truly, some of them were veritable marvels of beauty and richness, as you might have guessed by the foretaste which I gave you last week. Now, we cannot do better than return to the subject once more; for fashion at Ascot is far too important to be dismissed at one sitting; and surely we should, by right of beauty and grace, begin with the Marchioness of Londonderry, one of her gowns, which suited her to perfection, being composed of the palest grey chiffon, the bodice having a yoke and pointed shoulder-capes of white satin, covered with creamy guipure, the puffed chiffon sleeves being finished with turned-back cuffs of satin and lace. The waist was outlined by a sash of broad grey moiré ribbon, the long ends tying at the left side, while the yoke was bordered with twists of white moiré, fastened at the shoulders with rosettes. Amidst a mass of gowns of rainbow hue, this one stood out as a welcome relief by reason of its airy lightness and tender, restful colouring. Its originator was Mrs. Craig, of 19A, Brook Street, to whom belongs the credit of several other lovely gowns, notably the beautiful "Empire" dress for the Baroness de Stockell, which I have had sketched for you. It was of white moiré antique, with a chiné design of single cornflowers in a wonderful shade of blue, which had a suggestion of mauve in it—for the Baroness was wearing Court mourning—the colour being reproduced exactly in the goffered chiffon forming the deep shoulder-capes, which tied in a large bow in the centre of the corsage, whence a deep sash of white moiré veiled with chiffon passed round the figure beneath the bust to the back, and was then brought round the waist and knotted at the side, the long ends being fringed with blue-and-white chiffon. The sleeves were of the brocade to the elbow, the deep cuffs being covered with shirred chiffon, and the daintiest possible finish was given to the skirt by two wee ruchings of white moiré ribbon, the top one being edged with a line bordering of blue satin.

The Hon. Mrs. Fitzwilliam's first dress was of white crêpe de Chine, embroidered with Pompadour bunches of flowers, and had a draped bodice, with a vest of blue moiré, frills of blue chiffon, daintily embroidered, falling over the shoulders, and crossing, fichu-fashion, at the waist, which was encircled by a long-ended sash of the moiré. The sleeves had puffs of moiré and deep cuffs of crêpe de Chine, and for dainty beauty and quaint charm this dress stood out well. Another gown for the Hon. Mrs. Fitzwilliam was of leaf-green satin, the skirt bordered with a deep frill of goffered satin of the same colour, arranged in shell-like curves and caught with rosettes. The bodice was entirely veiled with chiffon, deep frills of which fell over the shoulders and were cleverly arranged to form a little zouave in front, adorned with sundry rosettes, this eminently successful costume being completed by a satin sash, tying at the back with long ends in the new shape—narrow at the top and broad at the bottom.

Miss Vanderbyl had a charming gown of golden-yellow glacé silk shot with rose-pink, and with a black pin stripe. Black goffered chiffon composed the bodice, with its full shoulder-capes and the frill which bordered the skirt, and there was the now inevitable sash of black satin, a successful additional touch of colour being introduced in the shape of a draped collar and various rosettes of pink mirror velvet. The Speaker's daughter, Miss Peel, had a perfectly plain skirt of white silk, with a tiny line stripe in black, and a brocaded design of blurred pink rosebuds. The bodice, of pink chiffon, accordion-pleated, had a sash of pink moiré and large sleeves of the brocade, the puffs at the top being caught in with bows of pink moiré. Truly, Ascot has completed the victory of the sash and blown the trumpet of chiffon—most airy and extravagant of fabrics—till no one will dare to oppose their supremacy, save, indeed, those unfortunate folk who labour under the disadvantages of small dress allowances, and who, therefore, dare not aspire to the yards of rich moirés or satins necessary for the really successful sash, and who must needs look askance at the chiffon, which begins to show signs of wear and tear after it has graced a gown which has been donned about three times.

Alas! it must, indeed, be said that Dame Fashion has catered this season for those with deep purses; but let us try to forget this harrowing fact by looking at the two remaining sketches, which represent two very smart and original gowns—made, I may tell you, by Frédéric, of 15, Lower Grosvenor Place—which, by their very simplicity, achieved special distinction. One, for Miss Verschoyle, was of white alpaca, the skirt finished with a narrow piping of art-green cloth, and the coat bodice having large revers, faced with the green cloth, and rolled-back cuffs piped with green, the shoulder-straps and the pocket-flaps being of the latter colour, while the large bone buttons which adorned the coat were ornamented with medallion heads. The costume was completed by a large white hat, with a drooping frill of lace, and, for trimming, clusters of pink roses and white ostrich plumes. Miss Agnes Keyser's very *chic* gown had a perfectly plain skirt of white cloth, and a little postilion coat of powder-blue cloth, with under revers of blue cloth, covered with slightly smaller ones in white. There was a white cloth collar piped with blue and cuffs to match, finished with three large white cloth buttons, and the three-cornered hat of white and blue cloth was trimmed with blue wings.

Nor must I forget some altogether lovely creations which I saw at the Maison Jay, of which I commenced to tell you last week. One, eventually worn by Mrs. Harcourt Rose, was of white silk, the tiny black stripes being arranged in a particularly clever way and with exceedingly good effect. The bodice had a full, overhanging vest of white chiffon, and a corselet—deep at the back and low in front—of wonderfully beautiful guipure, studded and embroidered with jet and bordered with a band of jet passementerie. There were braces of black satin ribbon fastened with silver buttons and terminating in smart little



MISS KEYSER.

MISS VERSCHOYLE.

bows, while at each side of the back was arranged a long sash end of satin. Then came one of those charming little inspirations for which Mr. Hiley is noted—at the right side of the waist was a knot and bow of turquoise-blue velvet, in which were tucked a few pink moss-rose buds,

[Continued on page 501.]

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Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be perfectly harmless, and devoid
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Highest Award at Chicago, 1893.

Toilet "Lanoline".....6d. & 1/.
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"Lanoline" Pomade.....1/6.
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always
used."

Should be used in every household, as [nothing is better
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altogether an ideally smart costume. Mrs. Arthur Kennard's dress was of brown holland, bands of white satin being cleverly arranged round the waist, and fastened with steel buttons. Down the front of the bodice there was a loose band of holland, bordered at each side with a cascade frill of white chiffon edged with yellowish Valenciennes lace, the draped neckband of black satin being fastened with a bow at the back. Miss Kennard's girlishly-pretty gown had a plain skirt and bolero of white piqué, and a skirt and waist scarf of yellow chiffon, some beautifully hand-painted buttons being specially noticeable.

Mrs. Willie Lawson sustained her reputation as a smartly-dressed woman by a gown with a skirt of cream ribbed material, bordered with a deep band of yellowish guipure, and a full bodice of pinkish mauve moiré, held in round the waist by bands of white moiré. The sleeves, which were quite new and wonderfully pretty, reached to the elbow, and were composed of a loose over-sleeve of the moiré and a tight-fitting under-sleeve of white chiffon, held in by bands of white moiré, the vest being to match, while there was a deep, square collar of mellow-tinted lace. Mrs. George King, of Coryton Park, looked well in a gown of creamy-white canvas, with a sash and bretelles of green, white, and black checked silk, and a jabot and vest of white chiffon; and Miss Devlin had a skirt of cream-coloured crêpon, and a bodice of pink chiffon, covered with éru Maltese lace, and trimmed with touches of black and white ribbon, a bunch of vivid-blue cornflowers being tucked into the waistband.

I also noticed four smart and original gowns, which reflected great credit on the makers—Madame Thorpe and Company, of 106, New Bond Street—whose name most of you know well by this time. One, for Mrs. Muirhead Gould, was composed of white silk worked crêpon and lace, the smart Garibaldi bodice, of white satin, being embroidered in gold and jet; while Mrs. Allister Campbell's dress, of mirror moiré, shot with cyclamen and green, and with a white satin stripe, had a corselet of gold embroidery and white satin lappets, with an appliqué of real lace. Black crêpon composed the skirt of Miss M. Hurst Wright's distinguished-looking gown, the bodice being of chiné glacé, with a design of heliotrope flowers intermixed with pink stripes and jet trimming. It was completed by a short black cape, with an embroidered lace collar. Mrs. Wilkes's gown was in an effective combination of white moiré antique, patterned with black, fine white lace over turquoise-blue silk, and straps and bows of turquoise-blue velvet. But an end must come to everything, so we must needs say good-bye to Ascot, with its haunting memories of lovely gowns, and only wish that we could glance into a magic crystal and see what Dame Fashion has in store for us for next year. Perhaps it is just as well that we cannot, or the sight might possibly give us a shock which would spoil our enjoyment of the things of beauty with which we are now bedecking ourselves.

NEW DIAMOND JEWELLERY.

Whenever I want to feast my eyes on the diamonds which have a curious but perfectly natural fascination for every woman, I invariably make my way to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' magnificent show-rooms at 112, Regent Street, for their store of these sparkling stones is unique in more ways than one; and when I have a store of combs and tiaras and bracelets set out before me I amuse myself by picking out some specially lovely ones to which I should treat myself were I one of those lucky mortals who can have diamonds with as much ease as most of us can indulge in a new pair of gloves. And I was lucky enough on my last visit the other day to find a store of lovely novelties just being displayed, and out of them, after long care and thought, I chose three specially for notice, convinced that when once you had seen them you would be able to form a better idea of the beauty and perfect workmanship of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' productions than any words of mine—even if I exhausted all the adjectives in the dictionary—could convey.

First, then, could anyone imagine or desire a more perfectly-beautiful ornament than a diamond hair-comb, which can at will be converted into a small tiara of such convenient size that it can be worn at theatre or ball, and not reserved for special occasions, such as Drawing Rooms, gala nights at the Opera, and so forth. The design is grace itself, and the diamonds are so particularly fine that they are really an excellent investment. Then there are two effective hair ornaments, one in the form of quivering antennæ, studded with large single diamonds, the other, with prettily-arranged sprays of conventional shamrock-leaves tied together at the base with a dainty little diamond bow, both perfectly new, and so beautiful that they will most certainly be speedily snapped up as a gift, most probably, for one of the numerous brides during this season of weddings. Well, whoever does eventually become the fortunate possessor of one or other is likely to be an object of envy to every other woman.

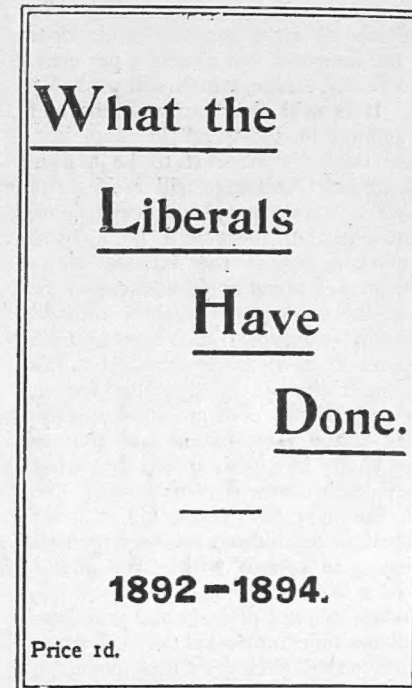
For lightness of effect and simple beauty I can recommend a new and most effective tiara composed of a bandeau of diamonds, from which springs a row of graduated points, each one tipped with a large diamond; while a great spray of five diamond orchids—most faithful copies of Nature—is useful as well as beautiful, for each flower and bud can be detached and worn separately as a brooch or bodice ornament. I had to turn from the diamonds for a moment to admire a curiously lovely flexible serpent necklace, composed of opals of every imaginable hue and shade, its unique beauty being quite sufficient to kill the most deeply rooted prejudice at a blow; while, if any further stroke at the root of superstition should be necessary, it would be given by a superb diamond bracelet, set with sundry large and altogether beautiful opals.

After this I was introduced, for the first time, to some green sapphires—almost unique stones—which have a wonderful depth of colour, and retain their brilliancy unimpaired at night, a quality which, unfortunately, is not attached to the ordinary sapphires. These stones, which were cut square and surrounded with diamonds, were set alternately with little diamond roses, the whole forming a necklace of rare beauty, which will appeal specially to those who like something out of the common. After this, surely I need not dilate upon the desirability of a visit to 112, Regent Street for anyone who is bent on the purchase of diamonds in any form whatsoever. Go and look at the enormous stock, at any rate, for it will be an enjoyable experience, if nothing more, and you will never be asked to make any purchases, though, indeed, there is no need, for the beauty of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' diamonds would charm the money out of the purse of the veriest miser.

FLORENCE.

A CURIOUS BOOK.

The bibliographers are not likely to notice a little book which has just been published, and the cover of which is reproduced here on the same scale as the original. The cover is green, which the unsuspecting reader might suppose to symbolise how important righting the wrongs of Erin is to the Liberal party, despite the sneers with which opponents speak of the Premier in this connection. You eagerly turn from the cover to the inside of the booklet, only to find blank leaves. Happy the people—and, presumably, the party—that have history; but in this book a strange unkindness has been perpetrated, for, while the blank leaves indicate the barrenness—or, as the police court reporter would say, the “alleged” barrenness—of the Liberal party, the reader discovers a tiny slip stuck in, bearing this legend—“While this work is passing through the press, we hear that the Liberals have won the Derby.” But it might be argued that the winning of the Derby is a distinction that even a



political party should be proud of. Certain it is that to many people it would be of far greater importance to possess Ladas than to be Premier of Great Britain. Lord Rosebery has not an enviable task in trying to satisfy all his admirers, and, of course, it is very much more difficult to satisfy his opponents, such as are responsible for this curious book, which might be called, from its author's point of view, “A Book of Strange Sins—of Omission.”

HANDEL FESTIVAL REHEARSAL DAY.

The chief soloist of last Friday's grand rehearsal for the festival was, as usual, indefatigable Mr. August Manns. The veteran conductor is always a noticeable figure in his black velvet coat, and with his silvery locks flying in the breeze while he shouts instructions to the vast choir and orchestra under his command. If they do not precisely understand his slightly foreign accent, they can hardly miss his meaning conveyed by gesture and vocal example; Mr. Manns never hesitates to sing himself in the exact method he wishes his choir to imitate. And so it came to pass that the enormous audience which crowded from floor to glass the Crystal Palace had extra solos to those announced on the programme. I think the conductor stopped his army manoeuvres much oftener than was the case at the last festival. Especially scrupulous was he as to the delicate shades obtainable in the chorus, “How dark, O Lord” (“Jephtha”). There is all the more reason to expect an exceptionally fine rendering this week. The soloists who appeared at rehearsal were Madame Clara Samuëll and Miss Marian McKenzie (who sang “O lovely Peace” exquisitely); Miss Ella Russell, charmingly attired in pale blue, was very loudly applauded after giving her selection from “Ottone”; Miss Anna Williams, popular as ever with choir and audience, who rehearsed with Messrs. Salmond and Black the rather ungrateful solos in “Israel in Egypt”; and Mr. Edward Lloyd, whose lovely voice rang through space with wonderful effect in “Love in her eyes,” which surely never had so splendid an exponent. There was a large attendance, including Mr. A. J. Balfour, faithful to his beloved Handel, of whom he has written so wisely and well. The choir obtained remarkable results, and will do even better after their first trial trip together. Everyone must acknowledge that in this gathering of nearly 4000 singers from different parts of the kingdom there is an answer to the query, “Are we musical?” There were more than 15,000 people in the audience at the rehearsal, and the fine weather made the occasion very pleasant.—LUTE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, June 23, 1894.

The Stock Exchange settlement which begins on Tuesday next will have little effect on the money market, for dealings have been very restricted of late, and the glut of loanable capital is so great that the demand for accommodation would have to be very brisk to put up rates. Plenty of good three months' bills have been done at 5-8 per cent., and with the Bank reserve nearly thirty-one millions, or double what we have always supposed to be a safe minimum, it is clear that unless large purchases of stock are made, considerable reduction in the half-yearly dividend on Bank stock due in October next will be inevitable.

Gilt-edged securities are still in strong demand, and no doubt the Manchester Corporation loan will be snapped up. We confess we do not like the position of the Ship Canal; but Manchester credit ought to be strong enough to carry even so large a burden as this white elephant is pretty certain to prove.

The Home railway market has been heavy, especially in the case of the Southern lines; but reflection only serves to strengthen the general forecast of the dividends, which we gave you last week, dear Sir, although it is doubtful if any of the increases will exceed $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. No definite news is to hand as to the Scotch strike, which will probably come about in a feeble sort of way. It is said that four millions and a-half, not six millions, will be the amount of the Sheffield issue, but, except as to exact figures, you may take our forecast to be a near approximation to the truth. How the Stock Exchange will receive the prospectus remains to be seen, but when strong people underwrite on such a large scale, it is safe to presume that there will be a little "making and supporting" of the market, despite the extreme views which highly respected judges have expressed about such operations.

Yankee Rails have been very flat all the week, partly on the continued gold exports, and also upon the Atchison reorganisation scheme, which has split the bondholders' committee and been violently attacked in the Press. We confess we do not understand the outcry, dear Sir, for an ideal scheme which won't work is no use, and the plan proposed appears to us an honest attempt to look facts in the face. It is said that to degrade second mortgage into income bonds is grossly unfair, but what is the use of placing the fixed charges above what the road will bear? No one wants a fresh reconstruction in the next few years, and it is far better to make the best of the situation than to hold out for terms which are beyond the strength of the company to comply with. We advise you, after mature reflection, to fall in with the proposal put forward, because we consider it provides a reasonable amount of cash, and promises, if carried, to give the A and B bondholders their interest if the road earns it, which is all they can expect, whether you call their securities mortgage or income bonds. Blood cannot be got from stones, neither can interest be extracted from insolvent debtors, dear Sir, and as the control of the road will be in the hands of the A and B bondholders, they will get their money if, under their own management, it is earned. What more do they want?

It was hoped that the announcement of the usual Vanderbilt dividends would have stiffened the whole American Market, and it may yet have that effect, although, at the moment of writing, there are very few signs of such a desirable result.

Oceanas, Chartered, and the kindred African land shares keep falling away, very justly in the first case, for upon intrinsic value the paper and excellent ink employed in printing Oceana scrip is probably the most valuable thing about the whole concern. Johannesburg Waterworks shares have, on the other hand, stiffened a trifle, and are by far the cheapest speculative security of the kind we know of. You bought these shares some months ago at about 21s., dear Sir, and we anticipate that the accounts (which, by-the-by, are made up to June 30) will prove very satisfactory. At 23s. the shares are still cheap, and we feel confident no buyer at such a price will regret his bargain.

Allsopp Brewery shares have as usual fluctuated widely, and the market is full of a supposed 10 per cent. dividend which it is said will be declared for the current half-year. We doubt it very much, but to be a bear of the stock is distinctly dangerous. For the moment the New Brewery debentures are quite the rage, but we think, to buy this sort of thing at prices which hardly give a return of 4 per cent., is carrying caution too far, and we cannot advise purchases of any of the new issues at the current premiums.

We have often called your attention to the 6 per cent. debentures of the United States Brewing Company, which, at about par, seem to us a very excellent security. The report just issued more than confirms our good opinion, for after spending £15,000 on repairs and renewals, and providing £24,600 for depreciation, out of revenue, there remains a net profit of £101,000, of which only £24,000 is required to pay debenture interest, leaving a surplus of £77,000, or more than three times the amount the debenture holders require to meet their interest. We have good grounds for believing that the land and buildings would sell at any time for more than the debenture money, and, although breweries, like all trading concerns, are liable to fluctuations, we can conceive no state of affairs in which the debenture-holders are likely to go short. For a quiet 6 per cent. investment we have never seen a better or sounder security.

The Lagunas prospectus, of which we had previously told you, is now public property, and the shares offered have been applied for, we are told, twice over. The capital is large, but if the price of nitrate remains

at its present level the concern will pay well. There is much virtue in that little word "if," dear Sir, still, those who want ten or twenty per cent. on their money must, of course, risk something, and the outlook for the nitrate industry is extremely good just now. The shares were quoted at $1\frac{1}{2}$ premium the day the prospectus came out, but have relapsed to about $\frac{1}{2}$ premium under the fire of newspaper correspondence which the prospectus has provoked.

Again there is war at the Industrial Trust, only this time it is a battle between the board of the United States Debenture Corporation and the directors of the Trust. We don't like the scheme; but probably the shareholders are sick of squabbles, and will fall in with any arrangement which will enable a dividend to be distributed. Surely it is better to put an end to all trouble by giving the deferred shareholders £70,000 out of a proposed capital of £970,000, than continue the present dead-lock. We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE LAGUNAS NITRATE COMPANY, LIMITED.—This company is offering 120,000 shares of £5 each, and, as might be expected, we see the whole of the leaders of the Nitrate industry connected with it. Despite what has been written about the price for which these Nitrate grounds were purchased, and the heavy capital, we think allottees of shares will do well. It is a case of "faith," but we are believers.

THE BUCKINGHAM TEMPERANCE HOTEL AND VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT, LIMITED.—The public are offered 700 $7\frac{1}{2}$ preference shares of £5 each. How an issue of £3500 in all can bear the expenses of advertising, we do not know; nor is it explained in this prospectus. It may be easy enough to get an allotment, but shares will be very difficult to sell when once acquired, and despite the high interest promised, investors had far better keep their money in their pockets.

THE COLCHESTER BREWING COMPANY, LIMITED, are offering £265,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. debentures at par. We have seen of late some really first-class brewery debentures offered for subscription, and, as might be expected, efforts are being made to place inferior articles upon the success of the Huggins and Tadcaster issues. This Colchester concern has always been unfortunate, and we strongly advise investors to leave the stock alone.

THE MANCHESTER CORPORATION 3 per cent. redeemable stock, for which subscriptions are invited by tender, is, of course, offered because the Ship Canal requires money. Probably the £490,000 and other larger sums at no distant date will go into this unfortunate undertaking, but the credit of Manchester is strong enough to stand even this drain.

In our issue of June 13 last we passed an unfavourable criticism on a small issue of £7000 Whitby Brothers debentures. Since then the company have explained to us why the money was not raised locally, and we are satisfied that good reason existed for making a public, as distinguished from a private, issue.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CRASSUS.—"Nominal" means "face value." The company owed you, under the old arrangement, £3992, upon which it covenanted to pay you 4 per cent.; it now owes you £5322, upon which it covenants to pay you 3 per cent.; or, in other words, your *income* is the same, and the face value of your debenture—that is, debt due by the company—is increased. You could have sold the old stock at about 130, or say, for £5200 in all, you can sell the present stock for about 104, or, say, £5500 in all. Do you now understand what you gain, and can we make the matter any clearer? We will give you any further explanation if you like to ask for what you want.

EMELEM.—We believe both the concerns you mention to have been swindles, and we are certain you will never get any dividends from the liquidation of either. Send us all the papers you have, including original prospectuses, and we shall probably be able to give you more information. If you could furnish us with the names of the liquidators we would get our solicitors to try the effect of a lawyer's letter in each case.

OAKAPPLE.—The Canadian Pacific question you ask is a pure matter of opinion. North America is suffering from great depression, which, if of long duration, will no doubt cut down dividends, but we hope it is only temporary, and should not be inclined to cut the loss. We do not think there is any danger of the C.P.R. turning out a second Grand Trunk. Hold Macabe and Campas debentures for a rise and then sell them, unless you bought cheap, in which case cut the concern. If you want a fair 5 per cent. investment why not buy Bank of New Zealand Estates debentures or Nitrate Railway bonds, both of which will give you over 5 per cent., and are very good securities.

BEE.—We give nothing about the Exchange and Mart Club you refer to, but it does not sound well. Send us a sample of their circulars, and we will give you a better opinion.

K. H.—Cunliffe Russell and Company offer you the stocks above the market price. You had far better deal with Nathan Kieyer and Company, of 2, Cooper's Court, Cornhill, where you will get the same thing at its proper price.

ALBERT.—We are sorry for you, but if you will sell "bears" of Allsopp's, we cannot advise you about cutting the loss. It is a pure gamble for outsiders, and you had better toss up.

H. A. O.—Hold on. You were foolish to apply for shares, but you will probably get out with less loss than at present seems likely.

FRED.—What can you want safer or better than the debentures you mention? By all means hold on, and see our answer to "Oakapple."

S. S. U.—(1) We think this very unlikely. (2) What the value of the ore in the Broken Hill Proprietary Mine will be in seven years we do not know, but there will be plenty of it. (3) Very doubtful. (4) We think well of New Louis d'Or. (5) The business depends on heavy advertising, and in our opinion was over-capitalised. Any answer must, for an outsider, be a mere expression of opinion, and our instinct tells us to say "No" to your query.